Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

Vol. 1 No. 28 November 6. 1915

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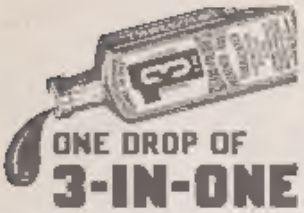

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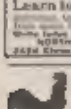

POULTRY PAPER

POULTRY ADVOCATE, Dept. 153, Syracuse, N. Y.

We Answer a Question

A READER writes this letter to Mr. Atwood, whom we employ to advise our readers how to make their money earn more money:

"Why do you spend all your time in advising us about bonds, and farm mortgages and gilt edge preferred stocks? No man ever got rich by investing his savings in gilt edge stuff. You know that one lucky investment is worth a lifetime of saving. Why don't you help us to find that one lucky investment?"

We have decided to answer this question ourselves.

IN the first place, it is not the purpose of Mr. Atwood's department, nor of this magazine, to help readers get rich. The purpose of this magazine is to help its readers to be more useful men and women. And the most useful men and women in the world have not been the richest.

Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence and added to our country the great area west of the Mississippi, was reduced to poverty in his old age.

Lincoln, who saved the Union, had $10,000 when he was elected President, and said he hoped some day to have $20,000, which was "all the money any man ought to want."

Agassiz, the great scientist, said: "I have not time to get rich"; and most of the men who have rendered the largest service to the world have felt likewise.

IF you want to know the second reason why Mr. Atwood advises you to save instead of speculate, read the inventory of the estate of the next rich man who dies.

See how much junk is in his safe deposit vault.

Notice that the real money he has made has been made by hard work in some enterprise of real service to the world. The worthless stocks and bonds in his strong box, the junk, represent his occasional efforts to get rich quick through what our correspondent calls a "lucky investment."

Insurance men state that most men at the age of forty have saved something; but nine out of every ten men who reach the age of sixty-five are dependent.

Why?

Partly because they have lost the savings which would have made them comfortable, in trying for lucky investments to make them rich.

This is the reason why Mr. Atwood's articles are all in favor of solid investment instead of lucky investment.

Follow his advice. Put your money away at 6 per cent. Your friend who puts his money into lucky investments may possibly strike a lucky one after years of trying. But the chances are all against him; even with good luck he will probably not have any more in the end that you have gained through saving and compound interest.

And you will have peace of mind and good digestion long after he is eating toast and tea.

Can Cats and Dogs Communicate Disease?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

CATS and dogs not only can communicate disease, but frequently do. It is quite certain that hydrophobia, smallpox, chickenpox, relapsing fever—a filth disease—typhoid and typhus, cholera, mumps, measles and scarlet fever, ringworm, lockjaw, tapeworm, asthma, common cold, grippe or even pneumonia, and many other germ diseases, have been contracted from animals.

The germs find lodgment in the nostrils, mouths, throats or furs of our pets, especially of those permitted to roam unrestrained among garbage cans and refuse piles.

Animals may convey diseases to their owners by harboring germ-carrying insects, the bite of which causes disease in man. Or germs may find entrance into our bodies through abrasions in the skin made by the teeth or claws of ill-tempered, or only rough-playing pets.

Of the two great families of pets—or pests, depending upon the viewpoint—which enslaves mankind, the canine is infinitely less to be feared than is the feline. Indeed, the chief objection to dogs is that they are sanitary nuisances—especially in the city. Alas, that swarms of germs, and entire colonies of the eggs of parasites, capable of conveying grave diseases if they find lodgment in food or drink, are distributed broadcast by them.

Yet all that applies objectionably to dogs applies equally to cats, with the additional charge that cats are perfect hosts for diphtheria germs, owing to the excellent incubating quarters the microbes find in their rough tongues, as well as on the corrugated roofs of their mouths, and around the soft palate, where the bugs increase and multiply—without harming Mrs. or Mr. Cat.

But from these coigns of vantage the bacilli can be smeared or expectorated all over the neighborhood, or be most advantageously distributed over the cat's fur during the "cleaning" process. The consequences to a child handling a cat thus infected may be readily surmised.

The Bulletin of the New York Health Department tells us that dogs and cats frequently have been responsible for conveying "Foot and Mouth Disease" from one farm to another. Cats, especially, have been seen with the blisters and sores characteristic of this disease, on the inside of their mouths and lips. In several instances the disorder was communicated by them to children.

Ringworm is another disease contracted frequently from "catchy" pets. And if a school child gets it, he may contaminate a whole company of playmates, before he is corralled and before the germs can be killed. Most medical school inspectors will have little or no difficulty in placing their fingers and thumbs upon epidemics that had their triumphant origin in some one's mangy cat.

Indeed, the Veterinary Institute of Berlin, some time ago, found that five and nine-tenths per cent. of cats have cancer—mostly cancer of the skin, and, while there is no definite proof that this disease is contagious, it may be just as well to keep on the safe side of anything so dangerous and formidable as cancer.

Be very certain that every bite from either a cat or a dog is properly cleansed and cauterized. If there be the slightest suspicion as to the moral status of the animal, it would be well and eminently sensible to take the Pasteur treatment. If given within a week or ten days, the treatment is uniformly successful in preventing hydrophobia.

In many cities throughout the country a movement is afoot, calculated to fix by license the ownership and responsibility for all pet animals—cats as well as dogs. This is proper and most excellent. Even from the standpoint of the animals themselves, it would be much better to destroy all homeless vagrants of canine or feline extraction.

Vol. 1
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Every Week

Nov. 8,
1915

The Vaudevillists

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

DINNER in the Maison de Shine. The Mangles Four have just announced that Louisa's great-uncle has died in Greece, leaving her a million.

THE LANDLADY. I s'pose you'll be wishin' to move into the parlor floor soon now, folks, an' the door knows, while times things is sad, still you kin use the dough.

MRS. MANGLE. Our sphere will be so changed that I am already packing to go to the San Nickus, where we can get a whole floor, though of course we will think kindly of acquaintances, even if we don't see them.

LITTLE MINNIE (the Child Tangney). Gee, I'm glad I ain't got to learn no more old imitations to do in the act, an' we're goin' to live in a sweller dream'n this, over on Fifth Avenue!

MR. MANGLE. Say, Louiser, Levy's on the wire in the hall, an' says how 'bout playin' the Chrystal in Brooklyn, an' the Gaiety in Flatbush, if they give us a cab so we kin ride back an' forth to shows all made up? It'd be two salaries for the week. All right, then; I'll tell'm nothin' doin'.

CLARICE DE VOE. I can hardly realize that a few months ago out in Omaha you were begging me to ask my agent to grab you off a few dates!

THE LANDLADY. Which also a gorgeous two rooms an' bath gits ditched for one of them hotels where, believe me, they wouldn't never endured Bill Mangle stompin' overhead countless nights an' doin' trick falls while rehearsin'.

GERTIE DE GASHE. Listen, Susy, this is only a bone with gravy over it, an' when my sister an' I dance ourselves weak twice daily we need sustenance! I want meat.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. I haven't saw a chop served since I came.

MRS. MANGLE. The meals are improperly balanced, chemically. My children can not eat the food. Minerva is positively anemic.

MR. MANGLE. It's queer to me how the old guy knew where we was—m' wife didn't even recollect havin' any Uncle Parkins. But we got a lot of pluggin' in the papers for our new turn, an' he likely ketched the name then.

MRS. MANGLE. It seems to me as through a glass darkly, William, I now see an Uncle Parkins, but that he should have dwelt in Greece, that storied land—ah me! I shall for a time garb myself and children, also William, in Grecian robes, for respect to the sainted departed demands it.

MR. MANGLE. No, kiddo, no—not for two millions I don't breeze round in no make-up like that, an' have some cop slip the come-sluags over my nuts. You kin do it.

GERTIE DE GASHE. At least, pass the tortilpa. A person must live, an' the most she brought was a mere smidge. But I betcha when they do get into society it won't be so much. Why, those people got troubles exactly like us. I know one lady has to have her husband give the lady has to have her husband give the servants secret tips if they got comp'ny dine, an' in their swell flat he kep' goin' to the saloon on the corner for ice, unaware that there was refrigeration in their own ice-box. All amateur rich suffer these things.

THE LANDLADY. Money changes people terrible. Susy! Cut them pieces of pun'kin pie smaller—are you an entire loon? Encore the cake if they're yellin' for more.

THE PROPERTY MAN. Was that all the pie you had out there?

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. We fix a night lunch up in the room, and I'd go to housekeepin' if it wasn't that Anna's folks would come camp with us.

WILLIE NAPOLEON. 'Phone the show-shop when you git settled an' I'll visit you.

LITTLE MINNIE. All right. I'm goin' to wear velvet an' lace every day.

MRS. MANGLE. Minerva, while Willie is a well meaning boy, he must learn that is a well meaning boy, he must learn that your position will prevent any mingling.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. If I ketch my kid even noticin' her, I'll wale him!

MRS. MANGLE. Facts are facts, and we headlined the big small time while you performed in Nolan's Carnival Shows, Mrs. Napoleon cooking, and your son handling the reserved seats and canly butcher privilege! So why feel resentment?

MRS. NAPOLEON. Don't answer, dearie. Though when we were all stuck in the blizzard near Provo, Utah, she burst into grateful tears when Charlie drilled through the drift and got milk and chickens from a farmer. For shame, I say!

THE LANDLADY. Girls, I ast you to keep this bickerin' for your own rooms! You got me commonalled complete as it is, an' me ailin' from a cold.

GERTIE DE GASHE. Try snuffin' Flannigan's Balm. It cured my mother, an' I began takin' it before the matinée, for I know positively I swallowed a germ on the subway.

THE SLAVEY. Levy the agent's 'phonin' again, an' he says is Mr. Mangle kiddin' him or insane, that he didn't wish the two houses for next week? Tell him you meant it." Yes, mom.

LITTLE MINNIE. Mom, why can't I play with Willie? I like him.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. She oughter. My kid's spent quarter after quarter on her, an', though I lamped him sneakin' it from his bank, bein' indulgent I left it go.

MRS. MANGLE. Count them up, and I will make out a check for the amount!

MR. MANGLE. Sah! wait'll we git a few thousands from the lawyer, can't you?

MRS. MANGLE. No. I won't! The friendship ends this second! I, to sit here and be insulted by the Napoleons? And I need all my emotional strength, for I intend playing Carmen later—it has never been correctly presented, for Farrar gives out too much—one feels she has nothing left—while I shall be impassioned yet creating the feeling that great reserves remain.

THE LANDLADY. Well, I always figgered on playin' some of them legit. rôles, pers'nally, until I got so embongpong an' left the business.

GERTIE DE GASHE. You can't play Carmen conservative. Say, dear, I found a manicure who does nails sweet for only twenty cents. No pie, Susy—is there any jam?

MRS. MANGLE. Don't take pie, Minerva. I will command a light refection of terrapin and salade Royale to be brought here later from Beldonico's.

THE LANDLADY. It'll enter here only over my dyin' frame, meddim!

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. You notice they don't invite others to the fancy supper.

MR. MANGLE. We do so invite the whole outfit! Meet me in the lobby of Hector's on Broadway to-night, when everybody's played their show, an' we'll go down the line on the eats! I ain't goin' to quit my pals, money or not. Y' git me, Louiser?

THE LANDLADY. I'm sure nothin' could be done kinder, which all accepts, Bill.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON. Not us—still, I never been in Hector's. We'll go!

MRS. MANGLE. A farewell supper, then! I intend to be known as Mrs. Parkins Mangle, for my darling uncle, and —ah!

THE SLAVEY. There's a golman from a law firm in the hall to see you, an' he says sorry, but the party with the million comin' is Lottie Mangle Terwilliger of Yonkers—she was borned in Greece an' the old guy's name was Parkopolous!

MRS. MANGLE. Just heav'n, I swoon! I swoon! My dreams—bright visions, gone for aye!

LITTLE MINNIE. Ain't we rich? But we kin make a new sketch out of the idea, Mom! An' I'll be a star when I'm big!

THE LANDLADY. Cease sobbin', Louise, you're breakin' my heart. Poor lamb, I know how you feel. Didn't I like a absolute ninny refuse to be the pampered bride of a Mexican party, takin' that whirlfest De Shine, an' the very next week found he wasn't the son of wealth like he said—an' then I went to actin'?

THE PROPERTY MAN. They're better off like they are. She ain't a bad feller when she comes down to earth.

MR. MANGLE. Say, listen. Meet me in Hector's anyway! Just for once in a way.

THE LANDLADY. I'll wear all my diamonds. Help Louisa to her room, Mis' Napoleon, an' for pity's sake leave us quiet ourselves an' not be hustlin' no foigs when the blue sky's right overhead!

"Just listen'm, I swoon! I swoon!"

Joy Three Flights Up

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

Illustrations by George E. Wolfe

THE taxicab streaking east around the corner of Thirty-fourth and Broadway held an unconscious man and two persons who had not been introduced.

The unconscious man was, even in coma, a perfect gentleman—his slender limbs in shabby evening clothes unobtrusively draped over the taxi interior. White-faced, beside him sat a copper-haired girl with dynamic eyes, sepia lashes and brows, sensitive nostrils, a funny little mouth, and hands that looked alarmingly clever. Opposite, on the portable seat of the motor cab, was I. Tomlinson, Junior—a blooming, blond young man, with the love of life and living sticking out all over him. Eddies of sparkling snow were being driven by a volcanic wind over the island of Manhattan.

"We'll be there in a minute," said I. Tomlinson, rubbing a clear place on the taxi window with his pearl-gray glove.

"Thank God!" The girl's voice was suffocated.

"We're in the nineties," announced I. Tomlinson, eyes on the Thirty-fourth Street house numbers.

"It's the house with the furnished room sign." The girl's hand caught the handle of the taxi door.

I. Tomlinson, hand over hers, opened the door. "Driver!" he shouted through the blinding snow. "This house."

The taxi skidded a bit, and stopped.

"Help me," I. Tomlinson said to the driver as he jumped out.

"Be careful," implored the girl. She got out of the taxi and battled through the wind and snow, up the steps of the house to the door, where she rapidly fitted a latch-key.

The flickering gas-light from the door the girl opened made a murky rainbow through the falling snow. She ran ahead of the two men, to the narrow stairway. "Three flights up," she said over her shoulder.

The halls were musty and half dark. I. Tomlinson and the taxi driver ascended slowly. The girl had a door open for them at the head of the third flight. Through it came a clean, pungent smell. The girl lighted a gas-jet in the room and switched it out over the couch. She ran into the shadow beyond the circle of light, and returned with a pencil and a scrap of paper.

I. Tomlinson and the taxi driver placed the unconscious man on the couch.

The girl wrote down a name and a telephone number. "Get him for me," she said to I. Tomlinson, handing him the scrap of paper.

I. Tomlinson read the number. "Where's the telephone?" he asked. And, to the taxi driver: "Wait for me outside."

"There's no telephone in the house," the girl said. "The nearest is the drug store on the corner." She was rubbing the bloodless wrists of the man on the couch. "Hurry!"

I. Tomlinson made for the hall. "Who shall I say wants him?" he asked, from the head of the stairs.

"Mr. Meigs," she answered. "Wait!" She threw him a latch-key. "You'll need this when you come back."

WHEN I. Tomlinson returned from his errand, the girl was bathing the temples of the man on the couch.

"The doctor's coming," said I. Tomlinson.

"Thanks. Will you get me some more water—the spigot is behind the curtains over there."

I. Tomlinson picked up the basin, stepped behind portières at the farther end of the room, and in the dim light saw a hammock made up as a bed swung across the alcove, a white dressing-table, and a stationary washstand with shining spigots. He drew a basin of water, and carried it back to the girl.

"Set it down," she said. "Hush! Is that somebody coming up?"

I. Tomlinson went to the door.

Dr. Truesdell Post came in quickly. He set his medicine-case on a chair and went to work.

"When did it happen?" he asked the girl, as he opened his case for restoratives. "During the cabaret?"

She nodded. "He would go. Is it—very bad, Doctor?"

"He's in pretty bad shape. Don't worry, though. I'll fix him up."

"Dad's—in danger?"

"I don't say that."

"Please tell me!"

"I'll pull him out. Don't worry. He's coming to now."

The girl stood up—she had been on her knees beside the couch. Her eyes fell on I. Tomlinson, Junior—a well groomed, blundering figure at the end of the couch. The ghost of a smile wavered across her face. She stepped forward and held out her hand. "I haven't thanked you," she said.

"Please don't," I. Tomlinson answered. "But I must—you've been kind."

I. Tomlinson flushed. "I'm glad it wasn't worse," he said, stepping toward the door. He stopped at the threshold and looked around at her. "Who'll play for you to-morrow night?" he asked impulsively.

"I don't know," she answered.

"May I?"

"You?" Her tone was astounded.

He flushed again.

"Won't you let me play for you? My name is I. Tomlinson, Junior. I'm writing a musical comedy. I've been dropping in at Kirkhill's every night this week, just to hear you put across those songs of yours. Let me play for you till your father is all right—please. I'll make your songs go big." A winning smile beautified I. Tomlinson's features.

The copper-colored eyes of the girl lifted to I. Tomlinson, widened, radiated a shaft of amber light, and dropped.

"Joy," called a weak voice.

"Yes, dad." The girl flew back to the couch.

I. Tomlinson firmly addressed the flickering hall gas-drop: "I'm going to play for you!" Settling his high silk hat with both hands, he departed. The taxi driver was waiting stolidly in the snow-storm.

The West Fifty-fourth Street house before which the taxi stopped was a handsome residence in a handsome block. In the perfectly lighted hall a serving-man took I. Tomlinson's hat and coat.

"Anybody up, Jackson?" asked I. Tomlinson, Junior.

"Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson are at the opera, Mr. Tommy," replied the serving-man.

Whistling, I. Tomlinson strolled up the spacious hall stairway. At an end of the upper corridor a telephone caught his eye. He took down the receiver. The number he asked for brought a maid's voice—then a mellow, golden-toned, unmistakably bored voice. "Theda," said I. Tomlinson, and began to laugh.

"What's the joke, Tommy?" drawled the voice.

"The girl in the cabaret to-night."

"Oh! How did it turn out?"

"Melodrama pure and simple. Taxi dash through the snow-storm—stricken father borne aloft—humble surroundings of anguished heroine—doctor summoned—father will be unable to resume his job of accompanying his daughter's songs in the gay cabaret—heroine aghast—poverty impending—"

"I'm sleepy, Tommy. *Bonne nuit.*"

"Hold on! Theda, I'm going to play that little singer's accompaniment to-morrow night."

"Don't be idiotic, Tommy. Good night."

"Wait, Mrs. Archibald Ogle! Because you've married millions you needn't put on airs! Listen. I'm going to play in a cabaret. Awful Tomlinson scandal impending! To-morrow evening. At Kirkhill's. Come look at me. Good night, honey."

I. Tomlinson shut off the connection, sauntered across the corridor to his quarters, and went to bed.

THE next afternoon I. Tomlinson, Junior, walked down to East Thirty-fourth Street, punched a wabbly bell of the house with the furnished room sign, bestowed a hilarious bow on a wary-eyed landlady, and gaily ascended three flights.

His resonant knock on the door at the head of the stairs was answered by a gentle "Come!"

I. Tomlinson laughed, and opened the door. "Oh," he said. "Mr. Meigs."

The unconscious gentleman of the night before—conscious now, and pillow-propped in a faded imitation-leather chair—stared at the intrusive Viking blond, with surprise on his thin, well-bred countenance.

I. Tomlinson flushed. "I'm the fellow who picked you up when you keeled over last night, and got you home in a taxi," he explained, somewhat lamely.

Mr. Meigs looked enlightened. "Allow me to thank you," he said, with simplicity of manner. "Won't you come in?"

I. Tomlinson entered, laid his hat and stick on the center table, and sat down. "Are you subject to these heart attacks?" he cheerfully inquired of the pillow-propped gentleman.

"Yes," said Mr. Meigs. "Though last night was the first time I have had one in public. My daughter warned me not to go."

"I see." said I. Tomlinson, eyes on the window-ledges of the room. "What nice gardens you have!" he remarked. "May I look at them?"

Meigs' face glowed. "My farms are my hobby," he said delightedly. "I have a knack with vegetables. We have fresh lettuce and onions and parsley and dwarf beans all winter."

"My!" said I. Tomlinson, leaning over the sun-flooded boxes of green growing things.

"Had I been an English squire, my farms might have been famous. I send to the Department of Agriculture in Washington for seeds and pamphlets. They are wonderful reading. We keep close to nature, Joy and I."

"I think that bully," said I. Tomlinson, prowling about the room.

In many ways, it was a remarkable room—calculated to sober slightly a blond, blithesome heir to half a million. The growing vegetables lent to it the clean, pungent smell; alarmingly clever little hands had done the rest. The inevitable couch, center table, bureau, and screen of the "furnished" room had been beautified by a sense of color. A shining tea-

"'Please take the roses back,' Her voice quivered. 'Roses like that can't belong to me.'"

"Joy came to her father's side. She regarded Theodora with a dumb look. Theodora's smile quickly shifted to the girl her brother loved. She seemed to measure Joy, as Joy seemed to measure her."

knife made gay the center table. The time-worn bureau had been turned into a buffet; on it stood two chafing-dishes, several pieces of fine china, and a huge, old-fashioned silver cake-basket; a water-color brush had splashed the dingy baize screen with an orange sun and a flight of swallows.

I. Tomlinson sat down again. "Mr. Meigs," he said, "your daughter is going to sing at Kirkhill's to-night, isn't she? I asked her last night to let me take your place at the piano. I'm I. Tomlinson, Junior—father makes the Tomlinson cravats, you know. I'm writing a musical comedy. Will you let me be your daughter's accompanist while you're laid up?"

A shadow fell on Mr. Meigs' face. "I wish I were stronger," he said in a troubled undertone. He looked earnestly at the blooming young man. "My daughter is not a regular cabaret singer, Mr. Tomlinson. She is studying fashion drawing in the School of Applied Design for Women here in New York. To keep the pot boiling until she graduates, she does odds and ends of art work, and, occasionally,—a week here and a week there—cafe singing. Last term, she won the first prize in the pen-and-ink fashion class. Her teachers predict a great success for her in the fashion design field."

"I call that fine," said I. Tomlinson. "She's plucky."

Mr. Meigs' eyes filled. "Excuse me," he apologized gently, "I wish I were stronger."

"That's all right," said I. Tomlinson. Unexpectedly, he got up and put an arm about Mr. Meigs' shoulder. "I call you two an O. K. pair," he said sincerely. "I'll consider it a mighty big honor if you'll let me play for Miss Meigs while you're laid up."

"I'm afraid I haven't quite recovered from my collapse," murmured Mr. Meigs. "My daughter's engagement at Kirkhill's is only for this week," he went on. "I shall be very glad to have you play for her during that time. She will be in from the art school at five. Will you wait, and go over her songs with her then?"

At five o'clock the girl with the copper-colored hair came home. She wore a season-old, brown corduroy Norfolk suit, a boyish round hat with a provocative red feather in it, and childish, square-toed, brown storm shoes. She carried a brown portfolio of drawings under one arm, and a brown paper bag under the other. At the sight of the visitor, her copper-colored eyes flew open.

I. Tomlinson took an impulsive step toward her. "How do you do?" he said.

"How do you do?" replied the girl, straight as an arrow in the doorway.

"Come in, Joy dear, and close the door," said Mr. Meigs.

Joy came in slowly.

"This is Mr. Tomlinson—who aided us last night," continued her father. "You remember him—don't you, daughter? He has kindly offered to play for you at Kirkhill's the rest of the week."

"She knows," intruded I. Tomlinson glibly. "I told her last night."

THE brown paper bag was neatly deposited on the center table. "Thank you," said the funny little mouth sweetly. "I telephoned Kirkhill's this morning that I couldn't sing without my father. The management has substituted my number."

I. Tomlinson flushed. He reached instantly for his hat and stick.

"Don't go," said Mr. Meigs kindly to I. Tomlinson. "Joy,"—he looked with a tinge of reproof at his daughter—"this young man has given a tiresome invalid a very happy hour. We've been talking about garden stuff. Dear, I should like very much to ask Mr. Tomlinson to take dinner with us." Mr. Meigs spoke with simplicity.

"May I?" asked I. Tomlinson delightedly, laying down his hat and stick.

The brown portfolio of drawings joined the paper bag on the center table. "If dad says so—" conceded Joy.

"Thanks!" I. Tomlinson beamed upon her.

Mr. Meigs looked at the brown paper bag. "What's in the cupboard, Mother Hubbard?" he questioned.

"Mushrooms," said Joy. She began to open the bag.

"Mother Hubbard has a knack for cookery," Mr. Meigs said.

I. Tomlinson regarded with interest divers parcels coming out of the bag. "It's like a Christmas stocking," he commented. "What are they?"

"Butter, eggs, sugar, coffee, and mushrooms," tabulated Joy. "Mostly five cents' worth—we haven't any pantry." She carried the bundles to the bureau-buffet, then took off her round hat and Norfolk jacket.

In her short skirt and white blouse, she looked like a pretty boy. Whistling, she got a blue-and-white checked housekeeper's apron from a bureau drawer. From another drawer she took a snowy square of damask and three small hemstitched napkins. She whisked the covers from the chafing-dishes. Movement brought color to her cheeks.

"May I help?" asked I. Tomlinson.

She nodded. "Set the table, and pick the salad from the farms. Get me a head of lettuce, an onion, and some parsley. Do you like potato omelet?"

"I do!"

"Do you like buttered or stewed mushrooms?"

"I do!"

She laughed. "No; I mean which—buttered or stewed?"

I. Tomlinson looked at Mr. Meigs.

"Buttered," said Mr. Meigs helpfully.

"Thanks," said the heir to the Tomlinson cravats. "The devils of indecision are always after me."

He laid Joy's portfolio on the piano, spread the square of damask crookedly on the table, placed the three hemstitched napkins, and looked for approval at his hostess.

"The silver's in the left-hand drawer." Her head bobbed indicatingly. "Put the tomato plant on for a centerpiece."

I. Tomlinson hustled around, gathering crisp greens from the window gardens, laying out the heavy, old-fashioned silver forks, ivory-handled knives, and table- and tea-spoons, all monogramed "J. M." From the shabby arm-chair, Mr. Meigs talked of a pumpkin he had once raised—big enough for a Cinderella to ride in. Joy concentrated on her culinary art.

The dinner was served piping hot from the chafing-dishes—a luscious potato omelet, meaty buttered mushrooms, salad, and eggshell cups of black coffee.

I. Tomlinson, Junior, ate with huge relish. "May I come again?" he asked.

"If dad says so," said Joy demurely.

"Won't you say so?"

She shook her head.

He looked hurt.

"I say so, heartily," said Mr. Meigs.

"Thanks!" I. Tomlinson's hurt was still in evidence. "I wanted your opinion on a musical comedy I'm writing," he airily told Mr. Meigs. He stood up, flushing.

"I'm the musical critic of the family," said Joy. Her eyes lifted, radiated an unexpected shaft of amber light, and dropped.

I. Tomlinson laughed suddenly. "Then you'll let me read it to you?" he shot at her.

"No," she shot back. "To dad."

"All right. You'll be sorry if I star 'dad' in it. Maybe I'll drop in with it to-morrow. Do you go to art school every day?"

"Every other day. Between days, I tramp around getting orders for sketches. Have you seen any of my work?" She ran over to the piano and opened the brown portfolio. The sketches were appallingly good.

"My, you're clever!" admired I. Tomlinson. "Can you do everything?"

She nodded boastfully.

He picked up his hat and stick, and held out his hand to her, and then to Mr. Meigs. "I'll see you again soon," he said.

Out in the frosty night, I. Tomlinson took half a dozen snow-covered blocks

to a gray stone mansion on Park Avenue—an edifice with wrought-iron doors.

"Theda," he said, strolling into Mrs. Archibald Ogle's ivory-and-violet boudoir, "we Tomlinsons are after the wrong thing. From daddy down, we're all dead wrong!"

"Go away," shrugged Theodora Ogle. "I'm writing a letter." She torpidly dipped a jeweled pen into an ivory inkwell. She was a striking brunette, with blue-black hair, blue eyes with black shadows, dead-white skin, and scornful, scarlet lips. Her mother, Mrs. I. Tomlinson, had succeeded in marrying Theodora to many millions.

But I. Tomlinson, Junior, straddled an ivory chair and crossing his arms on the back of it, demanded: "Are you happy, Theda? Is daddy? Is the mater? Am I? No! We're all off the track. Money, money, money!"

Theodora addressed her letter and used a violet seal. "Touch that button, Tommy," she said.

I. Tomlinson jabbed at the electric call bell.

"Money's useful," said Theodora indifferently.

She gave the violet-sealed letter to a maid. "You can't get along without money—oodles of it," she said tonelessly.

I. Tomlinson went home and read his musical comedy.

JOY MEIGS pronounced I. Tomlinson's musical comedy *rambling*. The comedy was shelved. To celebrate its unencouraging failure, I. Tomlinson invited himself to dine with the Meigses, bringing with him the first course—a two-quart cardboard bucket of oysters. It was characteristic of I. Tomlinson to bring too much.

As naturally as a healthy duck takes to water, I. Tomlinson plunged into the habit of dining frequently in the back-to-nature, one-room home on East Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Meigs seemed to find physical warmth in the sunny society of I. Tomlinson; and zealous Joy encouraged the blooming young man to try again at musical comedy, and go deeper.

"Theda," said I. Tomlinson to Mrs. Archibald Ogle, one afternoon in the Ogle limousine, "I've told your chauffeur to turn off the Avenue at Thirty-fourth."

"Why?" inquired Theodora inconclusively.

"I want you to make a call with me, sis."

"Too tired, Tommy. Another day."

"To-day's the day! Honey, be a sport!" He seized Theodora's hands. "I'm going to introduce you to the girl I love!" he said excitedly.

Theodora frowned. "You're not making a fool of yourself, Tommy?" curtly.

"All kinds of a fool! I'm—she's—" He swung Theodora's hands. His face was beatific.

The Ogle limousine stopped before a jaded, brown stone front with a furnished room sign.

"Here we are!" said I. Tomlinson, squeezing his sister's hands. "Theda,"—his voice was suddenly sweet,—"set your hat straight—I want you to make a good impression."

Theodora Ogle wore heliotrope chiffon cloth, huge silver fox furs, and a close-fitting turban of shaded velvet violets. An enigmatical expression on her face, she followed her brother up the steps of the faded brownstone front.

I. Tomlinson, Junior, knocked on the door of the Meigs home.

Mr. Meigs opened the door. Outlined against the light, his thin figure was like a delicate portrait. Behind him in the room, Joy Meigs, in her blue-and-white housekeeper's apron, was pinning some freshly washed dainty linen to a little clothes-line stretched across a window.

Mr. Meigs widened the door to the unexpected guests. "Won't you come in?" he invited simply.

"Why, yes," blundered I. Tomlinson, flushing. "This is my sister, Mrs. Archibald Ogle. Theda," fervently, "these are my dearest friends."

The ease with which Mr. Meigs placed a chair for Theodora was admirable.

Mrs. Ogle, although she had no courtly ancestors to aid her in appearing unconscious of the fact that in the room a white-faced girl was taking down a window clothes-line, did well. Her smile focused tactfully on Mr. Meigs. "I met a General Meigs at Aiken last year," said she—"a perfectly charming old gentleman."

"My cousin," smiled Mr. Meigs. "Are you fond of country life, Mrs. Ogle?"

Joy Meigs came to her father's side in her white blouse and corduroy skirt. She regarded I. Tomlinson's sister with a dumb look.

Theodora's smile slowly shifted from Mr. Meigs to the girl her brother loved. She seemed to measure Joy, as Joy seemed to measure her.

"Sis and I have been to a matinée of the new war play, 'Torpedoed,'" said I. Tomlinson, gazing happily at Joy.

"Was it good?" asked Joy, in a low voice.

"Atrocious," answered Theodora. "Why can't we have happy dramas? Have you seen 'The Half-Emptied Cup' at the Gaiety, Miss Meigs? That's standable."

"Yes, I liked it," said Joy, eyes lighting up. "Father and I had passes—there's a playwright on the floor above us who knows lots of newspaper men."

"I'd like to write plays," droned Theodora. "Some of my thoughts are rather dramatic at times."

"I tried to write a musical comedy once," said I. Tomlinson, eyes upon Joy. "A lady slammed it."

"I imagine so," smiled Theodora. "Heaven protect us from any output of your brain, Tommy."

"It had very good spots," said Joy quickly.

I. Tomlinson gave Joy a radiant look. "I say, Theda," said I. Tomlinson, "look at those window gardens—lettuce and radishes and all that sort of thing all winter!"

"How interesting," said Theodora. She rose with a graceful sweep of heliotrope and silver fox, holding out her hand to Joy. "Come to see me," she said.

"Thank you." Joy's voice was smothered.

Theodora gave her hand to Mr. Meigs. "If I stop by for you, will you let me motor you out to our country place some day?" she asked. "Mr. Ogle's hobbies are dogs and horses."

"That will be bully!" applauded I. Tomlinson. "We'll make up a party." He was looking at Joy.

Theodora moved to the door. "Coming, Tommy?" she drawled.

IN the limousine, I. Tomlinson took a good look at Theodora. "Well?" he ripped out.

Theodora was looking out of the window. Her eyes came around slowly, brooded, merged to violet black. "Marry her, Tommy," she said, in a voiceless voice. "Maybe you'll get the happiness I've missed."

I. Tomlinson threw both arms about his sister and kissed the scornful scarlet mouth. "Lord love you!" he cried. He caught the knob of the limousine door—the car had turned into the Avenue and had been halted in a fleet of automobiles by the white-gloved hand of a traffic policeman. "I'm going to get out here," he said excitedly.

He stepped from the machine, waved an exhilarated hand to Theodora, and dove, through the starting limousines and touring cars, to the pavement. He landed up in front of a candy shop, and precipitated himself into it. He sent a ten-pound box of bonbons to Joy Meigs. A street flower vender happened to wave a bunch of lilies of the valley under his Roman nose. He bought them, and went on down the Avenue, holding them in his hand. An abounding impulse took him into a hotel writing room, where, big and oblivious, he penned:

Dear Miss Joy: I flew in here to drop this to tell you what a bully time my sister had. Hurriedly yours, I. TOMLINSON, Jr.

Beheading the bunch of lilies of the valley, he stuffed the little white cups into the letter, marked the envelop "Special," and pasted six two-cent stamps on it. He walked back to Thirty-fourth Street and mailed the letter in a box at the corner. His rushing spirits carried him up the Avenue to the Park, through the Park to Riverside, up Riverside to Claremont, past Claremont to—anywhere.

HE went home sometime that night, had something that might be called sleep, and then something that might be called breakfast. The inopportune hour of nine o'clock in the morning found him, with an enormous box of roses under his arm, rap-tapping on the door of the Meigses' room.

Joy opened the door. The ten-pound box of bonbons lay on the center table; brown little lily-of-the-valley heads, and an envelop adorned with a zigzag row of stamps, topped the sweets.

Handing her the roses, I. Tomlinson burst into incoherent speech, the disconnected purport of which boomed that he wanted Joy Meigs to marry him.

Joy put the roses on the piano stool and backed up against the piano.

The fact that her brown eyes had turned cold overnight swung like a suddenly started pendulum through the space of his words. He stopped talking and flushed.

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world," said Joy Meigs evenly.

The flush plunged to pallor.

"You are the most tasteless, insufferable, under-bred man I have ever met," she said with deadly calm. Her face went scarlet. "How dared you bring your sister to laugh at our poverty?" she flamed.

"Laugh!" he stammered.

"How dared you intrude upon us?" she continued.

"*Intrude!*" said I. Tomlinson.

Joy was belligerent. "Your sister is Mrs. Archibald Ogle, and you are a—society empty-head. How dared you pose to me as a writer of musical comedies? I thought, of course, you were writing for money. Every man I know works for money!"

He gathered himself together. "I told you my name when I first came here," he said rapidly. "I told your father who I was. Tomlinson cravats."

"Nobody told me 'cravats.' I thought you had to earn your living—somoway. Every man I know earns his living. I earn my living. Please take that great box of candy away. Please take the roses back." Her voice quivered. "Roses like that can't belong to me."

Her voice steadied: "I'm—doing things. It's fine to fight. I'm going to be successful. Fine!" The voice suddenly drooped, begging: "Please don't make me—silly." The clever hands, tremulous, went up and covered Joy's face.

I. Tomlinson drew a submerged breath. His eyes seemed to struggle over the hidden face. He spoke uncertainly. "If you'll stand me, in spite of the cravats—I'm a sort of decent fellow, Joy—" He ended with a humble, despairing slump.

The fatalistic shake of her vivid head denied him.

He took his hat and stick, and the too big box of roses, and the ten-pound box of bonbons. "All right," he whispered.

He went from the room and down the steep flights of stairs.

I. Tomlinson, Jr., went home. He packed a traveling bag, putting into it his musical comedy. "Jackson," he said to the serving-man, "tell the people I've gone on a hunting trip."

With the look of a sleep-walker, I. Tomlinson went downtown and purchased a shafing-dish. With this and his bag, he walked through East Thirty-fourth Street and above the drug store around the corner he engaged a "furnished" room. He unpacked his bag, kicked it under the iron bed, placed the script of his comedy before him on an inadequate table, took out his fountain pen, and went to work.

SEVEN doors away, sorrow overtook Joy Meigs. One night Mr. Meigs died.

The house with the furnished room sign mourned for the moment with Joy. The wary-eyed landlady brought her cups of beef broth and asked no payment. The pert little milliner on the second floor came up and took the red feather out of Joy's boyish round hat and covered the hat with crape. The house clubbed together for a wreath of wheat and immortelles. After it was all over, and the household forgotten, Joy tried hard to cry. Then she called up the Tomlinson residence on West Fifty-fourth Street and asked in a faint voice for I. Tomlinson, Junior. A serving-man informed her that "Mr. Tommy" had gone away on a hunting trip. It was then that Joy looked at a bottle of denatured alcohol marked "poison."

I. TOMLINSON, JUNIOR, had written a crackerjack musical comedy. With the bulky, blue-backed script under his arm, he did what he had not done for weeks—turned down Thirty-fourth Street toward the house with the furnished room sign.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, a rainy night. As I. Tomlinson, under a big umbrella, approached the faded brownstone front, Joy Meigs came out. She opened an umbrella, walked rapidly down the steps, and turned west.

I. Tomlinson started impetuously forward. His glimpse of her face had shocked him. As he plunged to overtake her, he became confused, mystified. One minute he was sure that the umbrella ahead sheltered Joy, and the next minute it seemed to him to cover a wild, running thing. For some intangible reason, his forehead turned clammy. It would have been easy to overtake the umbrella, peer under it, and make sure. But something held him back.

Westward, through the driving rain, he followed, dark block after dark block—to the river. Here, Joy lowered her umbrella and lifted her face to the sky.

I. Tomlinson's heart seemed to burst with a mighty sob in his breast. He ran to her side. "I thought it was you," he said.

Joy smiled strangely, as if he were part of a vision.

He took her hand. "It's raining," he said, without meaning. He straightened her hat, as if she were a runaway child. "What's the matter, Joy?" he got out.

Her eyes never left his face. She shook her head.

"Never mind," he said. "We'll go home and ask Mr. Meigs."

Eyes clinging to him, she fainted.

He ran with her in his arms along the pier to the place where the Hudson boats come in and the taxicabs are lined up. He lifted her into one. In the taxi he stared at the fresh crape on her hat.

With his comedy script stuffed in his overcoat pocket, he carried her up three flights. The room was in silence and darkness. He laid her on the couch and lighted a gas-jet. With the step of one in familiar surroundings, he went to the alcove and drew a basin of water. On his knees, he bathed her temples. With a fluttering breath, she opened her eyes.

"Don't try to tell me," he said. "I know."

Her eyes drank of his. Her words were just a breath: "Where have you been?"

"In deep water, Joy."

Her dazed eyes, finding reason in his, filled. The tears brimmed over at last. She struggled up, wringing her hands.

"I was going to kill myself," she stammered. "I'm a coward! I thought I was strong." She hid her face on his shoulder.

His hand on her hair vibrated maternal protection. He was looking at the untended window gardens.

Her gaze followed his, and went blank. She moistened her lips; they formed avidly: "Dad!"

His hands closed about her face. "Joy, look at me," he commanded.

Her glance wavered back to him.

"Joy, girl, I love you!" he whispered. "Look at me—look! You're not going to suffer any more. You're never going to be lonely again. Poor little plucky fighter! I'm going to take care of you. You're mine. Sweetheart, I love you! Joy, give me your eyes again."

Her sepia lashes lifted; slowly her lips parted with the ghost of a smile; and then as he bent over her a rush of color swept across her face and trembling, she lifted her mouth to his.

The Compact

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

Illustrations by O. Howard

"The two had been seldom apart."

"HERE'S a telegram for you." Mr. Rochester, bell-boy, clerk, and proprietor of the Eagle House, laid the yellow envelop upon the young man's drawing-table.

"The Chief is certainly in a rush."

Thornton's voice gave the instant impression of a native refinement. He continued plotting.

Rochester lingered, interested apparently in the irregular saw-tooth line of a railway profile growing behind the young engineer's pencil. But it was the earnest face that held him. The frank eyes, the set of the jaw, the straight line of the firm mouth, made men like the young civil engineer, at first sight.

"Seems to me you keep at it pretty steady; most folks quit when night comes."

Thornton continued to draw, his shock of copper-colored hair glowing beneath the lamp.

"If I stopped when the whistle blew, with the old man burning the wires for this report, he'd have me hunting a new job in jig time."

Thornton, smiling, looked up from his work and tore open the envelop of the neglected telegram.

Instantly he rose, the paper shaking in his hand.

"Why, Mr. Thornton, is anything wrong?"

The young man pressed his lips hard together, and sat down before trying to answer.

"I'm afraid there is." His voice was unsteady. "If I hurry I can just make the ten-thirty south."

But he remained seated, the open message still in his hand.

"I hope you ain't lost your job!"

Thornton steadied himself.

"No; some one I'm fond of—my grandfather—is dying."

"Well, now, that's too bad!" Rochester's plain face was kind. "But old folks has to go some time," he ended, with awkward sympathy.

"But this is different. There never was a—a grandfather like mine."

The boy's voice broke on the last word. He rose hastily and crossed to the window. The lights in the village streets blurred to many-pointed stars before his eyes.

His mother's telegram, "Come immediately, your grandfather is dying," foreshadowed the greatest loss the boy could be called upon to bear. Stronger than the reverence of a son for his father, greater even than his devotion to his mother, was the intimate love that bound Francis to his grandfather. And now this man, idolized through all his twenty-four years, was to go from his life.

Their unique relationship had started with the boy's birth. Colonel Thornton at that time had been in Egypt, considering an offered position in the Khedive's army. The first cry of the little Francis, sounding across four thousand miles, had abruptly terminated negotiations. The Colonel had at once set sail to greet his only grandson.

After that first early meeting, the two had been seldom apart. Francis had hardly tired of his ninth birthday presents when affairs had again called Colonel Thornton abroad. The boy could not be reconciled to the threatened separation. His persistent pleadings wore down his mother's resistance; in the end he had packed his small belongings, and in happy excitement had begun his great adventure. Together they crossed the seas, the Colonel proud of his manly young grandson, the boy idolizing the stately old soldier.

Wherever they went, on shipboard or ashore, interested eyes had followed the kindly gray Colonel and the little red-headed boy, forced now and again to take an extra skip to bring his small legs into step with the military stride of his senior officer.

Upon their return the intimate bond between them increased with each passing day. They now, at Francis' earnest demand, shared always the same room; the boy, with thoughtfulness beyond his years, found many small services within his power a comfort to his aging grandfather. An explosive bullet at Seven Pines had damaged the Colonel's arm, leaving a reminder in torn ligaments which drew more taut with the years. To fasten his grandfather's obstinate collar had become but one of Francis' daily privileges.

When the time came for the boy to go to college, the old Colonel, his head now white, but his shoulders still erect, had gone with his grandson to the station.

"Until June, my boy!" he cried in a husky voice as the train began to move, and just two weeks later he had turned up in the college town, where he had taken rooms and stayed throughout Thornton's college years.

Only three years had passed since the pair had, as the Colonel phrased it, graduated together.

THORNTON managed to catch the night train. As the miles ran back along the rails, he lay sleepless in his berth thinking.

So buoyant, so vital, had been the older life that as yet Francis could not bring himself to believe death was come, at last, to end it.

As the wheels beneath him clicked off the lagging miles, he strove to recall, word by word, his last intimate talk with his grandfather.

"Mine has been an interesting life, my son," the old man had said. "I'm ready now for the silent call."

"You'll live to be a hundred, grandfather," Francis had assured him.

"No, my son; the machinery is wearing out."

Francis had looked into the reminiscent eyes. "Give me your hand," he said quietly.

The Colonel reached out a steady hand. "New grip."

The strong old fingers and the young ones closed.

"Ah, I hold you yet!" his grandfather cried. "I can outgrip my boy even now."

Francis smiled and patted his grandfather's shoulder.

"Then no more talk about worn-out machinery!" But he was troubled. For the first time in all their long companionship, he had not played the game fair.

They were silent for some minutes before Francis spoke again:

"Grandfather, you have not forgotten our compact?"

"No, my son," the Colonel laughed. "But are you sure you would not be afraid?"

"Afraid!" Francis answered earnestly. "If I should be afraid I would die the next moment from shame."

"Ah! That is all very fine now, my boy. But if I should come back in the dead of night,"—one of his charming smiles lighted the Colonel's face,—"all ghosts seem to choose that time—are you sure you would want me?"

Francis took his grandfather's hand.

"Seven years ago—my freshman year at college—we first made our compact. We promised then that if one of us should die he would come back to the other. Haven't I made you renew that promise again and again?"

For answer the old Colonel closed his fingers about his grandson's hand.

"Promise me again! Now, while you are well and strong, promise me!"

"Yes, my boy, I give my promise. If it is possible to return, I shall come when you need me."

And the two had gripped hard to close the compact.

A FLAMING red glow above the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains was all that remained of the afternoon, the next day, when Thornton reached home. He rushed up the steps to the broad veranda. At the door his mother waited.

Her face told him what he dreaded.

"I'm too late." He looked away: he did not wish even her then to see his eyes.

"Sit here with me, mother; I have something to ask before I go to him."

Together they watched the flame-shot sky slowly burn out as she told of the Colonel's last moments.

"He died as he had lived, Francis; brave and cheerful to the end."

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"No, no message. Some days ago he wrapped up his old portfolio and said, 'This is for my boy; nothing of value, just some old papers.' He also spoke of his seal-ring. 'Give it to Francis and tell him that his great-grandfather wore it until he died. I have had it for more than fifty years. I wish my boy to wear it in turn.'"

"But at the end, mother, didn't he ask you to tell me something—something about a compact between us?"

"No," he talked constantly of you, but he left no definite word.

The boy took his mother's hand.

"Mother, tell me everything."

"Well, near the end he wandered. He was back in Europe, I think, with you; for he spoke long French sentences. I'm sorry I could not understand, but he called your name several times among the words. And just at the end he said in English, very distinctly: 'Yes, little Sorrel-Top, I'll hear—I'll hear you when you call.'"

Francis looked away quickly. The mountains had turned from blue to black.

At the door of the room his mother left him. Francis went to the bed with a silent step. Before him death lay in its greatest form; every line of his grandfather's face was relaxed in rest.

Francis placed his hand upon the forehead, and quickly drew it away. Then he touched the wood of the bed, the porcelain shade of the lamp. Again he laid his hand on the still brow.

"It isn't fair," he thought. "He is older than the things about him."

After long minutes his mother knocked gently.

"No, mother, not yet—not yet!"

Quietly she went from the room.

The night was advanced when he was again disturbed. The door opened, and something struck against a chair, sending a hollow sound through the room.

Francis turned quickly. His sleepless night on the train, followed by the counting of slow mile-posts through the long day, had drawn his nerves to their last tension. He leaped to his feet and faced the door.

"Take that thing out of here!"

"But, Francis, this must be done." His mother spoke in a troubled voice from the hall.

"Not now! Not to-night, mother. Then, to the men: "Take it out. Go away, I tell you!"

The carriers stood uncertain with their burden.

"Take it out, I say!" he cried in rising tones. "Get out, all of you!" He advanced threateningly toward the men. Hurriedly they backed from the room.

"Now leave us alone together!" he called through the closed door.

SLOWLY in the quiet room calm returned. Gradually the sounds of life within the house became still; only the hushed noises of a summer night sounded about him. The air grew cooler; through the open window crept the faint rays of the waning moon, to fall around the white face upon the bed.

"Grandfather!" The boy whispered his call. "Grandfather, I am here—waiting!"

He placed a warm hand on the chill one lying across the still breast.

"Grandfather!" He gently shook the hand he held.

"Give me some sign—I am not afraid!"

But the dead face relaxed no line of its marble calm.

"Show me that this is not the end!" he pleaded. "Save me from the thought that this is all!"

He waited.

"Show me! Show me now!"

He waited again. Then he stood erect.

"You have answered," he cried, his arms thrown wide. "Living or dead, there is nothing you would deny me. You can not come."

ON Thornton's return to the Eagle House after the funeral, his work fairly ran to meet him. A kindly worded message from his Chief had been followed by another urging a hasty completion of the report. After two days in the field he had secured the last necessary notes, and had drafted and practically finished the report. Half an hour's work would finish the business.

As he entered the dining-room after the day's work, Mr. Rochester called him over to the desk and introduced a Mr. Hoffman, who, he said, "wanted to make his acquaintance." Hoffman was a man somewhere in the fifties, well dressed and undoubtedly well fed. As Francis noticed the short legs that supported the thick body of the stranger, an old saying of his grandfather's came to him:

"Be careful, my boy, of the man whose coat-tails are too close to the ground."

But it was Hoffman's head and face that held attention—a large head, so round that it just missed being a sphere. Round too was the face, and smooth with the pink glow of a sixteen-year-old lad. Beneath a bulging forehead blue eyes looked out with an innocent stare.

Francis and his new acquaintance sat together through the hotel supper. Hoff-

man talked in an interesting manner and in a cheerful vein.

"I wonder why it is impossible to get a cup of real coffee in small towns," Francis said, looking at the pale brown liquid of the Eagle House.

"You know coffee, then?" Hoffman leaned up at him.

"Good coffee and good cigars are the things I miss most up here."

"I'm a regular coffee crank myself," the stout man smiled. "I never rely on hotels. Won't you come up to my room and see how I manage it?"

Francis hesitated, but, remembering that in any event his report could not go off till morning, he accepted, and after supper they went to Hoffman's room.

Soon the aroma of strong coffee pleasantly filled the air.

"Now, I do hope you'll like these." The genial gentleman handed cigars to Francis. He lifted one to his own ear and squeezed the wrapper. "Just right—not too dry, not the trace of a crackle." He oozed satisfaction.

"Corona Coronas," Francis said, lighting his cigar. "They were my grandfather's favorite smoke."

Hoffman, glowing with good fellowship, sipped his coffee and talked. He seemed to the boy a man of large affairs. Francis was soon giving close attention to his flow of words.

"Now, your profession—engineering—has always interested me," his host said, with a sudden change of topic.

"It is a good way to make a living." There was a note of pride in Thornton's voice.

"And a poor way to make money," Hoffman took him up quickly. "It is the worst paid of all professions. Not even preaching, from a business man's standpoint, is as bad."

"Why, surely you are wrong, sir; many country parsons do not get more than five hundred a year."

"Yes; but they do not carry five hundred dollars' worth of responsibility. It's responsibility that counts, or should count, in fixing a salary."

Hoffman paused, sending slow puffs of smoke into the air.

"Take your own case," he continued. "This road you are locating will cost at the least thirty-five thousand to the mile. You are in responsible charge of thirty miles of it—a million-dollar proposition. If you will excuse me, I presume you are getting about two hundred and fifty a month?"

FROM Hoffman's manner of putting this question, no one would have supposed that, before coming to the Eagle House, he had learned not only the amount of the engineer's salary, but his entire history. Even the young man's taste in coffee and cigars had not been overlooked.

"Not so much as that." Francis smiled frankly. "I get one seventy-five."

"Why, it's an outrage! Think of the years of study, the years of hard work, that were necessary to fit you for this position." Then, more softly: "But I suppose they take into consideration your chances to make large sums indirectly."

The round eyes of his host looked sidewise at Thornton.

"Well, if there are any such chances I have never flushed one up," Francis replied, with a short laugh.

"That's because you are so engrossed in your profession that you never look beyond the mathematics of the proposition you are engaged on. Now, take this railroad of yours." Hoffman's words flowed with greased smoothness, his pink face beamed benevolence. "What an opportunity! What a great opportunity!" He sighed, and blew more smoke from his pursed lips.

"Well, sir, if you can see any golden opportunities hanging around this job, it's more than I can."

Hoffman's second sigh sounded a world of regret.

"You engineers—you engineers will never look at a business proposition until it comes right up and bites you!"

Apparently he addressed the entire membership of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Then, turning his gaze full on Thornton, he began speaking rapidly:

"You have surveyed four different routes between this town and Hendersonville, two to the east and two to the west of Cedar Mountain, haven't you?"

Francis nodded, his face showing surprise at Hoffman's knowledge.

"You can make a pretty close guess as to which line will be selected for construction, can't you?"

"It's no guess now," Francis answered impulsively. "My report will show a saving of $125,000 in one of the lines. The data I got to-day put an end to that question."

Hoffman's widening smile made the boy wish vaguely that he had kept this information to himself.

"Now, just see how simple it all is!" Hoffman purred. "There are certain interests I know of willing to pay a big sum for that information.

"Now! Now! Sit down. Don't let us get excited!"

Francis had sprung to his feet. "Of course you know that what you are hinting at is bribery!" He stood over Hoffman; his tone was not pleasant.

The round eyes of the stout gentleman grew rounder and wider; innocent surprise flooded every feature.

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Do I look like an unscrupulous man?"

Hoffman's voice softened to a dove's coo. Francis, in spite of himself, smiled faintly.

"Do I look like a man who would invite you up here to listen to a dishonest proposition? Please answer frankly."

"Well, I didn't think so a moment ago. Until then you seemed to me like a man who wanted to be kind."

"You were right the first time, Mr. Thornton. Now I ask you to let me explain. What I suggested is just a plain, every-day business proposition."

Francis had returned to his chair, to sit uneasily on the edge. At the word "proposition" he rose again. "But perhaps you don't know," he interrupted, "that I have been warned not to reveal to any one which line I shall recommend."

"Ah, that's it—that's the point. *Why?*" Hoffman was beaming again. His "why" came like the crack of a whip.

"For business reasons, of course," Francis answered, puzzled by the man's excited manner.

"Yes; for business reasons, right enough. But let me tell you that by your keeping that secret the gentlemen who so generously pay you $175 a month expect to make not less than $300,000 through your silence."

He watched narrowly the surprise his words aroused.

Francis turned to him with all the frankness of twenty-four years.

"Please tell me what you are driving at, sir."

"In the thirty miles between here and Hendersonville there are no towns, but the country is thickly populated. Very well. When your road is finished, somewhere about the middle there will be, not only a station, but in a short time a small city. It will be the business center for the country on both sides of the mountain, thanks to Kraft's Gap. Eventually another railroad will run through that gap, from Jackson to the West. Then our new city will be the meeting-point of two railroads. Now, the gentlemen who pay you $175 a month will buy the land near that gap, or whichever line your report recommends. After they have paid you one more $175, for laying out streets, and told you that your valued services are no longer required, they will sell off town lots at front-foot prices."

Hoffman paused, satisfied. Thornton had followed every word.

"The railroad will do this, you think?" Francis asked.

"The railroad? Not much!" This with fine scorn. "This trick will be pulled off by a little syndicate made up of the directors and a few chosen friends. They're not going to share this juicy melon with the dear stockholders. Why, even your chief will not be let in on it—it's far too good for an engineer. That's the kind of honorable men you are working for." Hoffman puffed out indignation. "I represent," he went on, his voice smooth again, "a group of gentlemen, some of them stockholders in this road,—men from whom you really draw your pay,—who are interested in this country and want to see it go ahead; men who don't want to log all the profits. These men know of you and appreciate what you have done up here." He hurried to cover this last sentence; his listener's incredulous smile told him that he had overshot. "If you will help my people sidetrack the dishonest intention of that syndicate, you will be handsomely rewarded."

Francis started to rise, but this time troubled doubt had displaced anger. He wanted to get quickly from the room and his smoothly talking host.

"The lines were addressed to himself. Francis saw from the date that they had been written only three days before the writer's death."

"Just a moment," Hoffman waved a fat hand. "What they ask is done every day in business; it is absolutely legal. I would be the last person to ask a young man to do anything wrong. I merely want you to tell me—to show me that report. In consideration of your services,"—here he reached into his pocket,—"I am to hand this over to you."

Thornton blinked. "Twenty thousand dollars!" he gasped.

"Twenty thousand," answered the smooth Hoffman. "And you will notice this check is certified and drawn to the order of cash."

Francis was too blinded to see the hard glitter that had come into the grayless eyes watching intently his frightened face.

"Just figure what that sum represents," the fat man urged gently.

"I can't do what you wish!" Francis cried out the words, and turned toward the door.

"Wait a moment longer." Hoffman's tone was oily, persuasive. "You can hold the check as security and I'll cash it for you after the business is settled. Your signature need not appear."

"I tell you, no!" Francis' voice was hoarse.

"It's ten long years of work at your salary."

"I can not consider the proposition." The boy's face was white, drawn.

"Some of my people are stockholders in your road," Hoffman persisted gently, and pushed the check across the table.

Francis tried not to see it.

"How do you know they won't change the line after you people buy up the land?" he asked, hoping to end the temptation.

"We can prevent that after the directors have once voted," Hoffman said decisively. "Come, now, my young friend, act as any experienced business man in your place would. Close with me."

"What, to-night—now?" The words came in a whisper.

"Certainly, the sooner I turn this twenty thousand dollars"—Hoffman dwelt on the sum—"over to you, the better."

"Will—will to-morrow do?" As Francis dragged out the question his face went from white to red.

"Ye-es," answered Hoffman, hesitating, "if I have the information early."

"I'll give you my answer before breakfast." Sweat stood thick on the boy's forehead. He hurried to the door. He was half out of the room when Hoffman, hoping to clinch his persuasions, called after him:

"This twenty thousand will make things pretty snug down in Virginia for your mother."

His mother! Francis came to a dead stop. He went back to Hoffman.

"I've decided to give you my answer now," he said, his voice steady.

"Good! Good!" Hoffman rubbed his fat hands together.

"I will not tell you which line my report recommends."

Each word came slowly, distinctly.

The round eyes of the fat man stared. Amazement overspread his full-moon face. For once his smooth flow of words was checked.

As Francis turned to go, Hoffman cried out:

"You'll not throw away twenty thousand dollars!"

No answer came. Francis was at the door.

"But, my boy—"

The young man turned, his face white with rage.

"Don't you dare—you—you hired briber, call me 'my boy'!" His voice shook, and disgust rang in every tone.

The insult left no dent in the smooth face of Hoffman.

"Don't be rash," he persisted; "take time to think it over."

"I am ashamed that I ever thought of it for an instant!" Francis shot out the words.

Hoffman placed his hand on the boy's arm.

"Don't touch me!" Thornton's voice

Continued on page 18

The Woman with Million-Dollar Feet

MADAME PAVLOWA began studying at the Imperial Ballet School when she was ten years old. A ballet school is more like a convent than anything else—up at eight sharp in the morning, dress under the eyes of a matron, hustle downstairs to prayers, and then dancing lessons till noon. After lunch a walk, lessons till four, and then dinner, followed by feasting and a little music. No. There's no nonsense about life in a ballet school

WHEN Pavlowa made her first foreign tour, and played in Stockholm, King Oscar came every night to see her, and crowds followed her from the theater to her hotel. One night she asked her maid why the people outside were so stirred. The girl answered: "Madame, for an hour you make them forget the sorrow of life."

THE lightest-footed of all the Russians has gone into the movies, like everybody else—we see her here making her escape from prison in the good old-fashioned way, with a rope of sheets. After one has done handsprings for the Emperor of Russia, a little stunt like sapping off a tower or two for the moving pictures seems comparatively unexciting

SHE doesn't often idle about her English garden like this, for when she isn't working she must sleep. Pavlowa sleeps at least five hours every day, and always seven hours at night when that is possible. She hasn't time for a husband and family. "I can not immerse myself in the cares of a family and the concerns of housekeeping," she says. "I dare not desire a life full of peaceful happiness beside the domestic hearth."

A BALLET dancer hasn't much more chance for that back-to-nature business than a bank president. He runs down to the cottage at Newport and pokes around with a spade now and then, just to be human for a change, and the ballet dancer can have a cage of birds brought up to her dressing-room, and pretend she is out in the wild-and-woolly for the moment.

PERHAPS this year Madame Pavlowa has been sewing shirts for soldiers, just she used to weave these carpet runners, which she sent to her church in Russia.

HERE she is playing the dumb girl who stole the flour. And speaking of flour, in Pavlowa's old ballet school there was a big treat every Friday, with a flour pudding for a climax. On Fridays the girls were always taken to the vapor-baths, and after that came supper, with "kascha." "Kascha" is a thick flour pudding with milk poured over it. Little American dancers who have nothing to eat but lobster and marrons glacé don't know what they miss, never having any "kascha."

Men Who St

THE great R. W. (Chambers, of course) had no more intention of grinding off America's biggest best seller than he had of starting a new religion. He wanted to be an artist—an illustrator. He and Charles Dana Gibson studied together at the Art Students' League in New York, and went down to *Life* together to sell their first drawings. Chambers' sketch was accepted and Gibson's was turned down; so off went Chambers in fine feather to study Art in Paris. He did well, too, got pictures in the Salon, and came back to New York in 1893, to do illustrating for *Life*, *Truth*, and *Judge*. But his life in Paris was too good to be forgotten, and with "In the Quarter" and "The King in Yellow" he began his fiction writing. A critic of "The King in Yellow" said it must have been written under the influence of absinthe—and what better advertisement could a rising young author desire?

HERE is Emerson Hough, who has written "The Mississippi Bubble" and a lot of other splendid out-door stories. He graduated from the University of Iowa, and the next thing known of him he was practising law in Whitecaks, New Mexico. It didn't take Mr. Hough long to find out that he was fated to be no famous barrister, so pretty soon he was out hiking over the prairies, getting copy for his real work in life.

BRAND WHITLOCK has probably had just a last few months in Belgium, keeping things them from going too far, as he did when he was Toledo newspaper. That's the way this lawyer began his career. When he was twenty-one he and acted as special reporter and political editor *Herald*. After three years of this he took

FIRST the normal youngster wants to be an engine driver; then, after he's recited the Gettysburg Speech, he knows that the one position worthy of him is the Presidency; and when he takes the one girl to America's greatest play and has to fork over two dollars apiece, he begins to speculate on the advantages of being a playwright. Augustus Thomas is one of those lucky men who tried a little at all three of these things. He has been candidate for the legislature, and in his "early youth" he spent six years in a railroad freight department. He says it's the best training for aspiring Shakespeares he knows of.

"YOU can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle, and when you're through you've got pretty good eating either way, provided you started in with a sound ham," wrote George Lorimer in his "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant." Mr. Lorimer was "cured" first in Armour's packing-house in Chicago, and he was doing very well, too, when he made up his mind to change the process, and start in journalism. And this "cure" was so successful that he is now the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which has about as popular a flavor as any magazine—except this one, of course.

THIS is the man who once stood up at a bar and put down sixty-seven gin fizzes. Now he is a temperance lecturer—John L. Sullivan, of course, the greatest of heavy-weight pugilists. John L. is not a man to do anything half-way. At one time he drank the three best alcoholics of Harlem under the table. That, of course, was when he was all training for his famous knock-outs. Recently he handed boose this uppercut: "Never a drop of liquor enters my body again!"

rted Wrong

WHEN I was a train-robber— begins Al Jennings. When Mr Jennings was a young man, one of his brothers was killed in a quarrel. This disgusted him with things in general, and it started him drifting, till he got in with a gang of train-robbers, the Long Riders. Mr. Jennings ranked as a first-class train-robber but he was finally caught and imprisoned for life, which sentence was later changed to five years. Successful as he was as a train-robber he always felt there was another field for him, and he went into law—following that up into politics. He ran for District Attorney and then last year for the governorship of Oklahoma.

DR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ROLLER is now a physician, but he used to be the American heavyweight champion of wrestling. Quite a change from throwing a man to giving him pink pills, but one is probably as good as the other in the end. Dr Roller wanted to be a doctor when he was still pitching hay on his father's farm, and he used to pull molars in his own grocery store at 5 cents an hour to earn money to go to school. In college he got sidetracked into professional football and then into wrestling. He won $1,500 in his first wrestling match, which seems a good excuse for letting himself be temporarily diverted from a medical career.

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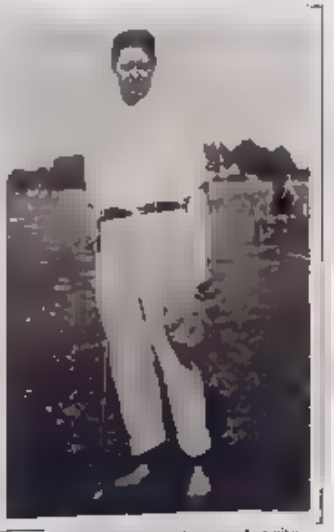
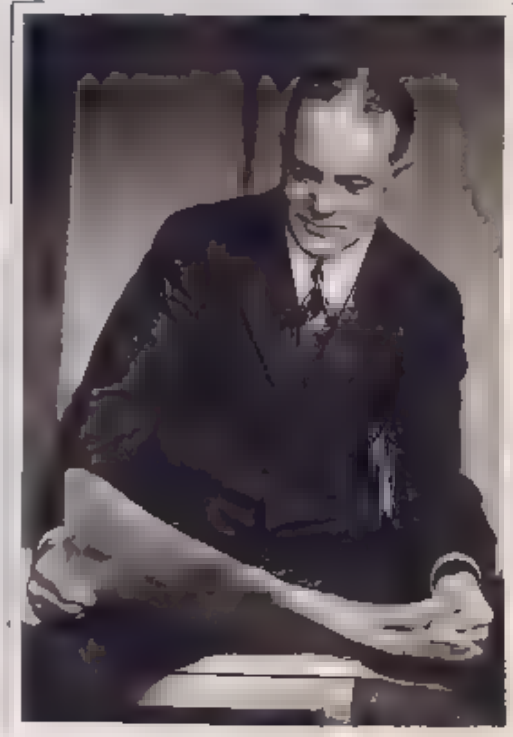
ils for the insane, and to replace medieval straitjackets
evils with methods more befitting a civilized country



HE says New York is the wickedest city going and he ought to know. He is E. C. Mercer who a few years ago was a Bowery bum. He was a college man, but everything went wrong with him till he landed at last one dreary night at the Jerry McAuley Mission. There he got a new grip on himself, and started out on his campaign for better living among college men.

LONG, long ago, before Billy Sunday was featured in the religious columns of *Vogue* and the psycho-analysts of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine" proved he has a great mission, Billy Sunday was just a mighty good baseball player. People said of him that he was a reliable, hard-working young man and a great mainstay of the club. His mind looked pretty clear ahead of him—a captaincy and then a respectable middle age as a manager. Well, you never can tell. In one moment he turns all dreams—up from sliding base—like a young child

HENRY J. DAVISON is one American who does not consider a commercial success a success at all. For the first half of his life he was a lawyer, and a big one. Then, suddenly, he dropped law and began putting all his ability into advertising. He has just finished doing up the Red Cross. When a man turns from stabbing briefs to writing wall-papers, there must be a good reason for it. "Law was my medium, that's all," says Mr. Davison. "It never really gripped me."



Lost Cities

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THE [illegible] Mesa Verde [illegible] dwellings [illegible] in the days [illegible] were built and were built up in the wall of the canyon. And he was now the Mesa Verde cliff-dwellings [illegible] discovered, by digging [illegible] ruins in America. The more enterprising [illegible] newspaper-boys whose name was Richard We [illegible] another [illegible] Everything [illegible] about a thousand [illegible] which [illegible] and the days [illegible] equipment [illegible] more [illegible] many [illegible] of [illegible] our [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] which [illegible] with [illegible] scientific societies [illegible] appeared [illegible] $30,000 [illegible] has [illegible] the government got busy and decided [illegible] make a government reserve of the Mesa Verde

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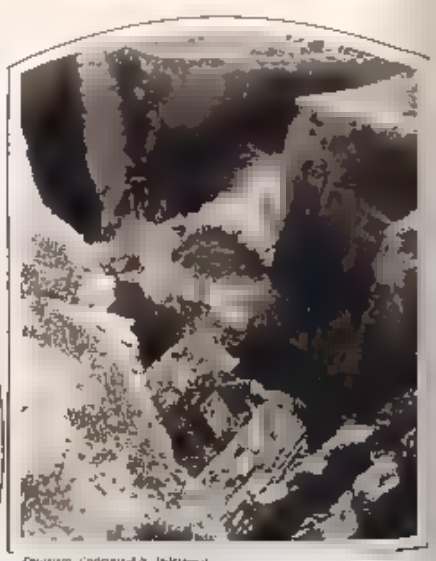
GREAT things [illegible] were [illegible] when [illegible] Babylon [illegible] the Persians [illegible] [illegible] in 275 B.C. [illegible] were walls [illegible] high and [illegible] feet wide [illegible] gates of solid brass [illegible] with tables of gold and [illegible] the famous [illegible] Garden. Nebuchadnezzar built [illegible] for [illegible] best-behaved wife. When you [illegible] a [illegible] town in your [illegible] life you spent most [illegible] your time [illegible] [illegible]. When you [illegible] like a day off instead [illegible] going to [illegible] movies you'd drop into [illegible] one of [illegible] churches [illegible] be shown [illegible] priests got up [illegible] those days [illegible] a [illegible] of many [illegible] rooms. Though [illegible] was [illegible] quietest [illegible] there they [illegible] [illegible] a fine [illegible] now and then [illegible] keep the ghosts [illegible] a good [illegible]



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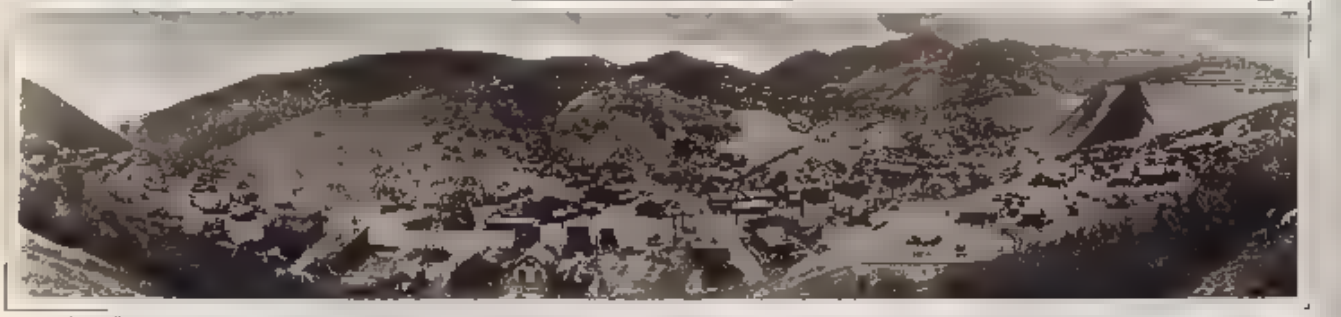
NOT much is left of the place now but about 2500 [illegible] at Asur the capital of Assyria, it used [illegible] make [illegible] pretty [illegible] for the whole neighborhood, especially Hanging [illegible] The great king here [illegible] Tiglath Pileser was the "[illegible] up those days. With [illegible] conquests [illegible] material and [illegible] monuments [illegible] erected [illegible] mountain [illegible] and he [illegible] [illegible] took away their [illegible] a [illegible] beauty. Six thousand [illegible] were [illegible] he [illegible] of [illegible] army [illegible] my feet [illegible] carried [illegible] away and [illegible] counted them among the [illegible] [illegible] of my own [illegible] Tiglath was the first man to [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible], and it made a great [illegible] in the home town when he actually killed a [illegible]. The King of Egypt [illegible] took the edge off [illegible] [illegible] however by sending him a [illegible] for a love token

WE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when Cortez took his [illegible] [illegible] part of the world in 5 [illegible] Indian [illegible] Mexico. But even that Spanish hidalgo was impressed by the grandeur of these ruins—palaces, and also startled by some of the records he discovered. For instance there were some red and blue tablets which explained how wealthy rulers were generally raised. After a graceful ceremony in which the victim mounted the altar breaking a flute in the steps to signify farewell to the joys of the earth. In these ruins [illegible] is the "pillar of death." Any one who puts his arms around this pillar is sure to die in the next week or two—that is why [illegible] a Cook tourist

IN [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the background [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all the country round under twenty feet of hot ashes. The people were doing their best to keep cool [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from hidden [illegible] were sprinkled over the seats, and perfumes wafted about. But his sights drop much when [illegible] was started. About 2000 out of the whole 25,000 were [illegible]

THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] three inches in a straight line [illegible] the old temple of Ischara in the [illegible] [illegible] Java which is the largest ruined [illegible] in the world. About 600 A.D. it had a population of some two or three millions when the Hindus under [illegible] [illegible] and converted the inhabitants to Buddhism. The rulers of Java always have [illegible] a hand [illegible] with visiting globe trotters. First the [illegible] [illegible] upon them and lectured them into Buddhism. Then came the Mohammedans, with their brisk scimitars; and finally a lot of sturdy Dutch burghers who didn't bother a cent about religion [illegible] but who have kept them working ever since on their coffee plants [illegible]



PER [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Cheerful Deadhead

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Are they attending a funeral? No, they are not attending a funeral. Are they listening to a lecture on dress reform? No, they are not listening to a lecture on it either. They are [illegible]

In a newspaper office in which I once worked [illegible] was not a hundred miles from the shores of the Hudson River [illegible] annoyed by the railroad [illegible] companion across the land. The Old Man would generally take his family to Newfoundland or Alaska; the managing editor allowed that he had not missed a summer in Colorado in fifteen years; the city editor preferred Coronado. It was a poor sham of a reporter who could not cover at least a thousand miles of land and water trails.

The Honorable Old System of [illegible]

TO-DAY things are different in that [illegible] Lake Island. Things have indeed changed, [illegible] annual pass entitling him to unlimited riding for a twelvemonth on some more or less important railroad. [illegible]

As a last resort, a reporter who was [illegible] hungry might turn to his [illegible] There were big pe[illegible] was in New York and Philadelphia and Chicago who had white pads of blank trip-pass forms of prominent railroads, all signed and ready merely to be filled in with the name of the user and the points between which he wished to travel. And [illegible] of its and their re[illegible] spitals that showed an [illegible] bar of deadheads. When [illegible] urns would come in the traffic managers of the roads would groan. Yet they seemed helplessly bound to an established but horrible custom.

One Newspaper Man's Story

THE rules and restrictions of the railroads in regard to the issuing of passes have been and still are very strict. But in the case of the passes that used to be issued to the newspapers, conductors were sometimes liberal in their rulings—to put the matter mildly. Still, a newspaper man always ran [illegible].

There was a man sat at a copy desk in Park Row who knows that very well, and sometimes he tells his own experience.

It was the open season for railroad deadheads, many than a decade ago,—and he had to go to Buffalo. The necessary [illegible] summoned, but the railroad fare and back was something more than [illegible] dollars. The newspaper for which this man worked—let's call him Brown, for that was the name under which he usually traveled to Buffalo—made it a matter of principle not only not to ask for passes, but also not to permit its staff to accept them. But a clerical yard [illegible] the Row X Y Z. Brown to half [illegible] a certain big railroad was [illegible] was quite within the law.

It was when he was well outside New [illegible] [illegible] tation without question [illegible] later he returned [illegible]

There was no way out of it. The pass grubber rose wearily from his seat a [illegible] In another minute he was being introduced to a [illegible] white-whiskered minister, who, [illegible] enough, was no newspaperman in disguise [illegible] ostracized. It had been some [illegible] to church, but he had [illegible] Presbyterian family [illegible] ess, and he made it [illegible]

"How fortunate," cooed the old gen[illegible] of his gold-rimmed [illegible] [illegible] Assembly and the train [illegible] rooms assemblies tow[illegible] If F [illegible] frown replied in [illegible] he said quickly "you [illegible] told me where you are l[illegible]

The newspaperman hesitated—and lost. He might have said that [illegible] a change at that particula[illegible] [illegible] joined a pretty well known New Jersey [illegible] [illegible] head and said that he wa[illegible]

"In the First Church?"

"The First Church," he [illegible] ental institution.

"But my dear friend Dr Simpson? Hi[illegible] this pulpit since 1886."

Brown was in for it [illegible] problem like a m[illegible] [illegible] He did of that eminent di[illegible] vine a sudden stroke at the death-bed of [illegible] He described the [illegible] ort of theology out [illegible]

But it was a changed Brown that came [illegible] k from Buffalo. He came under his own name, and [illegible]

The railroads decided the [illegible] that a decade ago [illegible] has various railroad legislation [illegible] regulation and control was [illegible] down at Washington, they [illegible] the general distribution of passes was ended by [illegible] man outside of a railroad headquarters or [illegible] versant with the passen[illegible] returns could [illegible] which the abuse had spread [illegible] in which the list of holders of annual and [illegible] guarded were hitky affa[illegible] were ever permitted to glance within their guarded covers, you probably would have read a list that [illegible] of ter this fashion

[illegible] Moneybuilt
[illegible] Moneybuilt and family
[illegible] Moneybuilt and secre[illegible]
[illegible] Master William Moneybuilt, Jr. and [illegible]

[illegible] was not every family that was intelligent to hold ten annual passes on the same railroad; the [illegible] was glad enough to hold one. But a few [illegible] ilies owning or dominating the property were permitted to have unusual privi[illegible] railroad, orders went out that any [illegible] a pass signed by its president was to be accepted by its conductors.

[illegible] presidents developed an [illegible] habit of writing trip and annual passes [illegible] ing cards or upon the backs of [illegible] any scraps of paper that happened to be handy. Another railroad issued [illegible]

The so-called Hepburn Bill, which [illegible] a law on New Year's Day [illegible] changed all this. Thereafter the railroads were forbidden to issue free transportation except to their [illegible] [illegible] resident families of other common carriers. The various States quickly followed [illegible] lead of the Interstate C[illegible] mission in this regard [illegible] vania has gone much further [illegible] State a railroad may carry only its own [illegible]

He Didn't Need a Pass

THE story of the railroad man who [illegible] and asked him to exchange a Great Northern annual with one that was good on a line ten miles in [illegible] ich was "just as wide," is a classic, but here is another that has never crept into print.

[illegible] New York an enterprising railroader had a modest trans[illegible] portation property of his own. It [illegible] a small railroad that started with two or three steamboats running upon a little lake. The railroader had a joint annual pass made for the combined routes. He called [illegible] the "Kioka Lake [illegible] affair with a tired ingravings of a tremendous train in one corner and a [illegible] palace of a steamboat in the other.

It so happened that this same rail[illegible] owned a farm out in Pennsylvania or some other Wisconsin town, and that he wished to go out to it. One of the big "granger roads" leading down from Chicago reached the farm and to the general manager of that road the president of the Kioka Lake System addressed a request for an annual pass, inclosing one of his own exquisitely engraved affairs as a return courtesy. He did not wait long for a reply. It came in four days, but [illegible] quai pass on the big trunk-line came with it. Instead his own was returned, accompanied by this memorandum written on the G. M. himself:

[illegible] pass and found it with some diffi[illegible] I note that your rail route is very [illegible] do not think I need your pass. If ever I do come in your neck o' woods I can walk your [illegible] railroad and swim the lake. However, I am enclosing a trip pass for yourself from [illegible]

Why Theaters Give Passes

[illegible] cities, particularly in New [illegible] theater pass oft-times is a valuable asset for the manager because [illegible] the appearance of [illegible]

That is where the cheerful deadhead is [illegible] The manager comes running to him with whole sheaves of passes in his chubby fingers, shrieking:

"Come. Come and bring your well dressed friends. Act pleased. Applaud. We've got to get this thing across."

Such a horrible thing to ask! No wonder that the tickets go out through every possible channel—to newspaper men and the friends of newspaper men, to the members of the seventeen lodges in which the house treasurer is enrolled, to the man who prints the [illegible]

There is a New York manager who can if he will, show you the record of an unspeakable night when his apparently well filled house had less than twenty dollars in real money inside its doors. How the entire week netted him less than three hundred dollars. Yet the show staggered through eight weeks close to Broadway and its "run," slightly amplified and well advertised helped to carry it at least halfway across its theatrical country.

The cheerful deadhead was the oxygen stimulant that did the trick.

"Cheerful deadhead?" did we say? The railroad manager and the house manager wish to record their protest.

Never that," they say. "Never cheerful. There are plenty of varieties of deadhead—professional deadheads, amateur deadheads, occasional deadheads, perpetual deadheads, but cheerful deadheads—no. There are deadheads who will pay ten dollars cab fare to use a free pair of tickets at a show, and then promptly [illegible] in the fourth row and exclaim loudly [illegible] is a sad party just as there used to be deadheads that complained that their railroad passes would not let them ride on the fastest limited trains.

"The cheerful deadhead has become ex-

"No, not that," is the reply. "The dodo and the high-wheeled bicycle have become extinct. The cheerful deadhead has not become extinct. He simply [illegible]

And there is the last word on it.

This is the last of Mr. Hungerford's articles on Institutions. The preceding [illegible] in the Barber Shop, the Hotel, [illegible]

Who Killed Mrs. Fisher?

BY OUR READERS

Could Willings Have Found This Use for a Jewel Box?

DEAR EDITOR This [illegible] Walter Willings' escape [illegible] Mrs. Fisher's beautiful [illegible] and her other jewels.

He gave $5,00,000 what he asked Mrs Fisher to give him to pay for the Street settlement and for D. Hope to go on with his work as ever.

Walter Willings called [illegible] on important business She invited him into her house. When Willings asked her for the $100,000, she said she didn't have [illegible] ported with her jewels Willi[illegible] u she gave him [illegible] ate room [illegible] he jewelry box which wa[illegible] jewels. He as[illegible] l her for the key would not give [illegible] him. B[illegible]

[illegible] Willings was the murderer of Mrs. Fisher

Was Maddalina a Trained Diver?

DEAR EDITOR The reasons why Professor Fisher wished to get rid of his wife are immaterial, and may be arising from facts not as yet revealed but he did wish to get rid of her [illegible] his management of the estate might have been bad and he might have been in need of money, and as a result need of the entire pearls. That is p[illegible] why what he had been quarreling wi[illegible] her about. He is the onl[illegible] the story [illegible] his mistake.

First Professor Fisher hypnotized Maddalina, the maid, to hypnotize her, by methods that he well understood his somewhat unwilling tool needed her as the [illegible] he police could find and he forced her pack up and prepare to leave on the day the crime was to be committed. And [illegible] oaded her to do the job. She murdered Mrs. Fisher at Professor Fisher' command. The deed was accomplished with a small cane, or perhaps only with a [illegible]

[illegible] he pool [illegible] ce to the opera [illegible] as she Dr Lanehan and Judge [illegible] rived and [illegible]

[illegible] w, in the dark water, was an oxygen helmet and a hand-rail, pla[illegible] ther and there a[illegible] search was made, th[illegible] ing her alive. Before anak her exclamations had been [illegible] al the body to the couch

My God!" heard by the Judge. In ght she managed to slip into the Professor's apartment (The details o this are unimportant since there were many ways and doors and the place was [illegible] edingly dark at night He got [illegible]

[illegible] dert. So Maddalina did the physical act although Fisher was the real murderer As to Lanehan's solution—it was arrived at a different wa[illegible] [illegible] two psychanalyst[illegible] necessarily fo[illegible] pathways, even though [illegible] were the same [illegible]

Or Did Dr Fisher Send Her a Trained Serpent?

DEAR EDITOR Mrs. Fisher was killed by a poisonous snake which was in the pool by her husband She had entered the pool to bathe and the snake fastened on her breast She managed to drag herself to the [illegible] pt chair fell, crushing in her temple. Her husband, thoug ran in and lifted her to the [illegible] medicine business had made him a [illegible] quainted with various p[illegible] which he had hypnotic control [illegible] the [illegible] The flight of the servants was due to their fear of the

[illegible] they know nothing of the [illegible] Mr Fisher locked the doors [illegible] made his escape by means of a parachute through the window

Ha! Lanehan, You Villain!

DEAR EDITOR Disguised as a plumber, Lanehan gained access [illegible] the Fisher apartment his purpose [illegible] arls. While going through [illegible] bureau drawers, searching [illegible] the jewel box, he is heard by [illegible] who is in the dressing [illegible] She passes into the bedroom [illegible] encounters Lanehan whom [illegible] his disguise [illegible] he, realizing that ruin stares him [illegible] face, attempts to hypnotize h[illegible] [illegible] object on the bureau a[illegible] [illegible] self see." Lanehan had employed

[illegible] he used [illegible] d her through th[illegible] room adjo[illegible] side of the swimming pool and [illegible]

Before [illegible] ng [illegible] Bishop and asked h[illegible] [illegible] letter [illegible] ball under [illegible] Pleading on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Behind the Bolted Door?

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

HOW was Mrs. Fisher murdered, and who was the intruder—[illegible] Mrs. Fisher's lawyer and Dr. Lanehan, five all certain going on their separate ways are [illegible] by Jimmy the Cockney butler who immediately afterward [illegible] and [illegible] Lanehan [illegible] Mrs. Fisher's [illegible] Willings [illegible] Mr. Fisher [illegible] Mrs. Fisher [illegible] Mr. Fisher [illegible] Mrs. Fisher [illegible] Mr. Fisher [illegible] Mrs. Fisher

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THE EDITOR

EVERY WEEK

95 Madison Avenue New York City

[illegible] bearing. And [illegible] If did not speak again [illegible] in the Fisher outer hall obtained that he only wished to [illegible] by [illegible] get the stair and elevator [illegible] floors elsewhere in the house." he said [illegible]

He insisted, so, on being allowed to go alone what was there to [illegible]

[illegible] skyscraper [illegible] house, one essential feature [illegible] dwellers or [illegible] under the law. But it is not to be confused with the little private flights of stairs which, inside [illegible] duplex apartments, connect the first [illegible] second floors. It is a bare fire-proof "well" [illegible] necessary legal [illegible]

[illegible] a stair-well light should have been burning at [illegible] the other side an elevator [illegible] up, with its illuminated clock-dial [illegible] whatever he looked for. [illegible] did not find it there. He shut the door, turned back and started [illegible] again.

About him on all sides [illegible] the same dark and eerie [illegible] those shadows Fisher rose [illegible] were still [illegible]

[illegible] on the slaty treads was the sound of other footsteps following him. [illegible] would not have owned [illegible] glad enough when, at the tenth floor, he [illegible] himself out into the good hallway light [illegible]

In fact, he found at last that the [illegible] arrangement of corridor arrangement the [illegible] The very fact [illegible] was duplex [illegible] and the fact that it had access to the elevators only on the ninth floor left its [illegible] or corridor a hand [illegible] two elevators passed it, but they could have nothing to stop [illegible] And their indicators [illegible] indeed, so dully [illegible] broken out of one of the sleeves of coats was left hanging and unheeded.

The hole allowed Lundeen to put his hand through and open the gate. And not knowing himself what he expected [illegible] Leaning far over the [illegible] looked down. Nothing to be [illegible] through a descending car [illegible]

Craning his head, he looked upward [illegible] high [illegible] flicker of light showed [illegible] of the roof satellite. It was [illegible]

[illegible] the switch-board. The cable [illegible] in absolute darkness. And through behind Lundeen, while he still struggled to regain his balance [illegible] a rush of leaping feet. A clutching hand spread itself upon his mouth. Another broke the grip of his own left hand upon the upright of the shaft. And then the whole weight of that unknown [illegible] furious attacker fell upon him and heaved him [illegible]

He had no time to turn to resist, to catch himself. He threw his left arm [illegible] It touched clothing of some sort [illegible] beauty's wrap was torn away. The [illegible] struck the other upright, tried to hold to it, slipped down, stopped more, and slipped [illegible] his feet vainly plunged and fought [illegible] reach the edge of the floor again. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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The Compact

Continued from page 8

quivered menace. "Take your hand off me!" He raised a clenched fist.

Hoffman drew quickly back. "But look! *Look!*" From a safe distance he waved the check.

Francis closed the door behind him.

LONG the boy sat motionless in his room, the report before him, untouched. The knuckles of his tightly closed fists pressed hard against his head. Over and over he asked himself, "Have I been a fool?" And ever through his distracted thoughts Hoffman's crafty arguments wove their subtle snare in answer.

Would it have been so wrong to disclose his recommendation, if thereby his act served to upset the plans of men intent on fraud, directors who schemed against the very stockholders who had placed them in trust?

But could he be sure that this was true? Might not all the smooth arguments of the innocent-looking fat man be but lies contrived to blind him to dishonor?

And the money! Every written word, each clearly penned figure, on that luring check stood out clearly to stir his overwrought imagination. By one word he could have acquired the earnings of years of work. What could he not do with $20,000? Above all, had he the right to throw away this chance to place his mother beyond the risk of want?

The longer Francis thought of what such a sum could accomplish, the nearer he came to believing he had acted like an inexperienced boy.

Perhaps even now it was not too late. And yet—and yet—what would his grandfather have advised?

But he would not let his thoughts stray down that path. His doubts were enough; memories of the dead added only sadness to uncertainty. Yet—if he could only hear his voice for a minute,—an instant,—as long as it would take to cry out "Yes" or "No."

He walked restlessly about the room. Then, sitting at his table, he worked in frantic haste until the report was finished.

Francis folded the papers; his irresolute hand long held the document. Once the envelop was nearly sealed, but at the end he threw it to the table, an open temptation still.

MIDNIGHT had dragged slowly past before sleep came to him. And then, as the night air grew chill, some bit of shrinking woodwork cracked loudly through the still room. He sat up, instantly awake.

"Grandfather!" he called into the darkness, "Grandfather, are you here?"

Slow seconds crept by.

"Grandfather!" he cried vaguely, "if ever I needed you, it is *now—now!*"

Silence deeper than before followed the cry. Still he waited—waited until anger grew where yearning hope had been.

"Fool! Fool!"

He threw himself back upon the bed, but sleep was driven now too far for return. His problems came back, bringing their indecision. All the unanswered questions, all the doubts, whirled in circles behind his aching eyes.

Then, as from a great distance a new thought called—his grandfather's papers! He sat up quickly. He had had no time as yet to look them over. He would get up now and read them. At this time of night? No!

He lay down again. But the longing for his grandfather, the wish to see his written words, was too strong. A second time he half rose. Then he told himself he must have rest, and fell back among the pillows. But his longing to see and touch the papers his grandfather had written came back to him more strongly.

At last he leaped from the bed.

It was not a large package he held beneath the lighted lamp. On its wrapping, in the old-fashioned penmanship of his grandfather, was his own name. He removed the paper. Within the old portfolio he found a diary, its leather cover of some long gone pattern, its pages softened to the yellow tint of age.

On the fly-leaf were lines addressed to himself. As he looked, calm fell upon him. The mere writing brought some measure of peace. He read:

My Boy: I have frequently been on the point of destroying these pages, which you will see do not comprise a diary, but are a brief record of events in my life which, in their time, I deemed important.

Looking through this book recently, it occurred to me that my experiences might prove of interest to you. I therefore preserve these notes. I wish particularly that you some day read the incidents beginning upon page 39. After you have read what is there set down, turn to my last notation.

Francis saw from the date that the lines had been written only three days before his grandfather's death. Quickly he

turned to page 39.

Sept. 14, 1828. Began to-day the Maryland State Fair, which all say passes in splendor the attempts of previous years. Great crowds are in the town, the country folk coming from all the near-by counties. Baltimore never held so many people, nor saw such bustle and confusion.

Father has been asked to judge the blooded horses, an appointment over which he takes much pride. The liveliest interest centers about the racing. I wagered and won $20 from a Mr. Timothy Kinney, come all the way from New York City here. For all that he is reputed a gambler, he has a courteous manner, and certainly his roan is of most fashionable cut.

Sept. 15th. On all sides one hears talk of the Fair. A great rivalry has been enkindled between Gen. Cadwallader of King George County, Va., and Mr. David Bowie of Annapolis. Small doubt that the General's Cornwallis and Mr. Bowie's Hotspur are the finest stallions in the contest for blooded horses. Many gentlemen express the opinion that my father will find it no easy task to decide which of these two noble animals is entitled to the prize. And indeed it seems a penny's toss between them. The tail of Hotspur is, however, longer and more beautiful than that of Cornwallis. Never on any horse have I seen so full and splendid a one.

Several wagers have been made between friends of the masters of these animals. Lost to-day $50 to Mr. Kinney, but he is most kind, and bade me defer payment, saying graciously that all outstanding accounts between us could be settled on the last day of the Fair, when, he made no doubt, he should prove in my debt, because of my excellent judgment in horses.

With growing interest Francis turned the page.

Sept. 16, 1828. To-day was the last but one of the Fair. I am deeply concerned. I wagered $50 on Mr. Stockett's Tickle Toby in the first race, but again I lost. Mr. Kinney offered me encouragement, bidding me doubtless I would win all my losses and more at my next venture. Thus heartened, I wagered $500 on Mr. Duvall's Ranger, Shamrock. To my great discomfiture, the latter was outdistanced in the last two heats.

In debt now as I am to Mr. Kinney for the sum of $600, and having already far exceeded my allowance, I am in sore straits. And to add to my confusion of mind, counsel Mr. Kinney to me when the racing was at an end for the day, telling me of great wagers laid upon Cornwallis and Hotspur, and suggests that I approach my father, and learn to which horse he will award the prize, declaring that if I will thus but tell him of my father's decision he will acquit me of the debt, and pay over to me $1000 to boot. A large sum is $14000, and as Mr. Kinney well says, the gentleman will wager and lose in any event, and who he holds, should we not profit thereby?

Later. I am more deeply perplexed than when this day's journal was begun. I have seen my father. He tells me he has discovered that the tail of Hotspur is not genuine. In truth, the animal is a rat-tail horse, his trainer having skilfully devised a false tail which slips over the denuded one, and

"I tell you, no! I can not consider your proposition." The boy's face was white, drawn.

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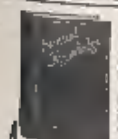

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Fidelity Trust Co.
Forest City Trust Co.
Mercantile Trust Co.
Union Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
United States Trust Co.
Maynard S. Bird & Co.
H. M. Payson & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro, Attleboro Trust Co.
Boston, Fourth-Atlantic National Bank
Second National Bank
Boston Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
Commonwealth Trust Company
New England Trust Company
Adams & Co.
Baker, Ayling & Co.
Bond & Goodwin
Blake Bros. & Co.
Blodget & Co.
Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.
Brown Brothers & Co.
Curtis & Sanger
F. L. Day & Co.
Estabrook & Co.
Halsey & Co., Inc.
Hayden, Stone & Co.
N. W. Harris & Co.
Hornblower & Weeks
Jackson & Curtis
Kidder, Peabody & Co.
A. B. Leach & Co.
Lee, Higginson & Co.
Merrill, Oldham & Co.
F. S. Moseley & Co.
Millett, Roe & Hagen
Moors & Cabot
Parkinson & Burr
Paine Webber & Co.
Wm. A. Read & Co.
E. H. Rollins & Sons
Spencer Trask & Co.
Stone & Webster
Tucker, Anthony & Co.
Townsend, Anthony & Tyson
R. C. Wainwright & Co.
White, Weld & Co.
Fall River, Massasoit Pawnee National Bank
Metacomet National Bank
Chace & Bradford
F. O. Dodge
G. M. Hollands & Co.
Fitchburg, Safety Fund National Bank
Haverhill, Merchants National Bank
Lowell, Old Lowell National Bank
James M. Abbott & Co., Inc.
Lynn, Essex Trust Co.
New Bedford, First National Bank
Mechanics National Bank
Merchants National Bank
Newburyport, First National Bank
Merchants National Bank
Ocean National Bank
Pittsfield, Agricultural National Bank
Pittsfield National Bank
F. C. Punch
Salem, Naumkeag Trust Co.
Springfield, Union Trust Co.
W. C. Simons
H. H. Skinner
Tifft Brothers & Co.
Taunton, Machimisco National Bank
Taunton National Bank
Worcester, Bonney & Moore
Kinsley & Adams

MICHIGAN

Detroit, First and Old Detroit National Bank
Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.
Grand Rapids, Old National Bank
Michigan Trust Co.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, First & Security National Bank
Northwestern National Bank
Scandinavian-American National Bank
White, Grubbs & Co.
St. Paul, First National Bank
Northwestern Trust Co.
White, Grubbs & Co.

MISSOURI

St. Louis, A. G. Edwards & Sons
Francis Bros. & Co.

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Burns, Brinker & Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord, Mechanics National Bank
Dover, Strafford National Bank
Alonzo Elliott & Co.
Stonehill & Varick

NEW JERSEY

Newark, J. E. Rippel

NEW YORK

Albany, First National Bank
National Commercial Bank
New York State National Bank
Union Trust Co.
Harris, Forbes & Co.
Spencer Trask & Co.
Binghamton, Peoples' Trust Co.
Buffalo, Bank of Buffalo
Ford & Enos
Harris, Forbes & Co.
White, Weld & Co.
Elmira, Sawyer, Nobis & Co.
Middletown, Merchants National Bank
New York City, J. P. Morgan & Co.
American Exchange National Bank
Bank of America
Bank of New York
Chemical National Bank
Chase National Bank
First National Bank
Hanover National Bank
Importers & Traders National Bank
Irving National Bank
Liberty National Bank
Manhattan Co.
Mechanics & Metals National Bank
Merchants National Bank
National Bank of Commerce
National City Bank
National Park Bank
Seaboard National Bank
Bankers Trust Co.
Central Trust Co.
Columbia Trust Co.
Equitable Trust Co.
Farmers Loan & Trust Co.
Guaranty Trust Co.
Metropolitan Trust Co.
New York Trust Co.
Title Guarantee & Trust Co.
Union Trust Co.
United States Mortgage & Trust Co.
United States Trust Co.
August Belmont & Co.
Chas. D. Barney & Co.
Blair & Co.
William P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.
Brown Brothers & Co.
Clark, Dodge & Co.
Harvey Fisk & Sons
Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co.

New York City—Continued
Hallgarten & Co.
N. W. Halsey & Co.
Harris, Forbes & Co.
A. Iselin & Co.
Kean, Taylor & Co.
Kidder, Peabody & Co.
Kissel, Kinnicutt & Co.
Lazard Freres
A. B. Leach & Co.
Lee, Higginson & Co.
Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co.
Maitland, Coppell & Co.
Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler
Porter, Chouteau & Prentice
Wm. A. Read & Co.
Redmond & Co.
Remick, Hodges & Co.
Rhoades & Co.
William Salomon & Co.
J. & W. Seligman & Co.
Spencer Trask & Co.
White, Weld & Co.
Rochester, Alliance Bank
Traders' Bank of Rochester
Security Trust Co.
Ford & Enos
Harris, Forbes & Co.
Syracuse, Ford & Enos
Troy, Troy Trust Co.
Harris, Forbes & Co.

OHIO

Cincinnati, Citizens National Bank
First National Bank
Cleveland, The Bonbright-Herrick Co.
Harris, Forbes & Co.
Hayden, Miller & Co.
Otis & Co.
The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.
White, Weld & Co.
Columbus, Huntington National Bank
Dayton, City National Bank
Toledo, Second National Bank
Scott & Bell

OREGON

Portland, Hall & Lewis

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, Drexel & Co.
Brown Brothers & Co.
Bank of North America
Central National Bank
Corn Exchange National Bank
First National Bank
Fourth Street National Bank
Franklin National Bank
Philadelphia National Bank
Commercial Trust Co.
Fidelity Trust Co.
Girard Trust Co.
Pennsylvania Co. for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities
Barclay, Moore & Co.
Charles H. Barney & Co.
Battles & Co.
C. H. Bean & Co.
Benson & Packard
Thomas A. Biddle & Co.
Bodine Sons & Co.
William P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.
Brooke, Stokes & Co.
Butcher, Sherrerd & Hansell
Cassatt & Co.
E. W. Clark & Co.
Coles & Watts
Elkins, Morris & Co.
Ervin & Co.
Charles Pearson & Co.
Pearse & Co.
M. M. Freeman & Co.
Robt. Glendinning & Co.
Grandall, Warner & Co.
Graham & Co.
N. W. Halsey & Co.
Philadelphia—Continued
C. Clothier Jones & Co.
Harper & Turner
Harris, Forbes & Co.
Chas. C. Harrison, Jr., & Co.
Henry & West
Klemm & Kean
A. B. Leach & Co.
Mellor & Peary
Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler
W. H. Newbold's Son & Co.
Wm. A. Read & Co.
Reilly, Brock & Co.
E. B. Smith & Co.
J. W. Sparks & Co.
E. Lowber Stokes
Townsend, Whelen & Co.
Rufus Wagner & Co.
Pittsburgh, Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A.
Diamond National Bank
Farmers Deposit National Bank
First-Second National Bank
Mellon National Bank
Peoples National Bank
Union National Bank
Western National Bank
Colonial Trust Co.
Pittsburgh Trust Co.
Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
Union Trust Co.
Holmes, Wardrop & Co.
Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler
Scranton, Brooks & Co.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport, Aquidneck National Bank
Pawtucket, Slater Trust Co.
Providence, Columbus Exchange National Bank
Merchants National Bank
National Exchange Bank
Providence National Bank
Industrial Trust Co.
Rhode Island Hospital Trust Co.
Dodall & Co.
Richardson & Clark
Wilson, Slade & Co.
Westerly, Washington Trust Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston, First National Bank
A. M. Marshall & Bro.
The E. M. Moreland Co.

TENNESSEE

Nashville, Fourth-First National Bank

VERMONT

Brattleboro, Brattleboro Trust Co.
Montpelier, Montpelier National Bank
Rutland, Clement National Bank

VIRGINIA

Richmond, American National Bank
Bank of Commerce & Trust
First National Bank
Merchants & Merchants National Bank
Merchants National Bank
National State & City Bank
Planters National Bank
Old Dominion Trust Co.
Richmond Bank & Trust Co.
Richmond Trust & Savings Co.
Virginia Trust Co.
Thomas Branch & Co.
Davenport & Co.
Scott & Stringfellow
John L. Williams & Sons

WASHINGTON

Seattle, E. H. Rollins & Sons
Spokane, Richards Bros.
Tacoma, E. H. Rollins & Sons

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee, Edgar, Richer & Co.